A
WEEK
at a
COTTAGE
a
Pastoral Tale.

Gem: antiq:

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MDCCLXXV

SUNDAY.

OPENS the SCENE.

FOR ever ſacred to TRANQUILLITY!—ſweet rural ſcenes, where CONTEMPLATION ſits, and meditates on God's benevolence!

RETIREMENT plaud the poets peaceful ſeat, with hands of grave HUMILITY, forbidding OSTENTATION's ſteps, PRIDE's arrogance, or fickle TASTE to tread her hallow'd bounds.

A Hither—

Hither!—O hither come, ſweet ſocial SCIENCE; leading on CONTENTMENT with countenance ſerene!——here hand in hand let MEDITATION walk with grave MORALITY—whilſt IGNORANCE with contumelious look, averts her ruſtic foot, and tells an aukward tale to ENVY and her ſiſter fiends, who miniſter in her unletter'd reign.

The varied ſcene of HUMAN LIFE, at once diſplays; on this hand, all the anxious grandeur of the GREAT, on that, ſad INDIGENCES tears; from whence REFLECTION turns with a ſigh, and by her juſt compariſons, diſpoſes all my mind to GRATITUDE.—

—hail

—Hail MEDIOCRITY! thou bleſt eſtate, depart not from thy happy votary!—ſeated on the centre of PLEASURES wheel, ſafe from AMBITIONS giddy flights and POVERTY's depreſſion, thou enſures me PEACE.

For this RETREAT, I leave the buſy Town, where TRAFFICK, with a brow beſet with cares, and ſhoulders bending to the burthen, walks Adventures reſtleſs mazes and her labyrinths of Hope—on whoſe hard indefatigable heel, full often ſullen DISAPPOINTMENT treads, whilſt from her meagre viſage ſhe rubs the ſickly ſweat with rags diſconſolate—or if

attended

attended by ſome better fate, perchance comes ſportive LUCK in ſteps fantaſtick, and with proſperity rewards the Toils of TRADE: relieves INDUSTRY's ſoul of doubtfulneſs, yet teints the jaundic'd eye with AVARICE, and gives another countenance to CARE.

Away, away ATTENTION! hither haſte, to rove the Sylvan ſcene, the plain, the valley, and the grove: leave the dull haunts of mercenary men, and gains inſatiable gaze, to court the ſmiles of rural INNOCENCE, and catch the living Virtues as they riſe—peruſe the flow'ry page of NATURE's book, and reaping

WISDOM

WISDOM with the arms of ſcientific pleaſure, ſoar aloft, and breath thy adoration to the GOD OF ALL.

There ſtands the COTT, where fancy ſtrays A WEEK, and gathers up the beauties of the ſcene.

On elevated ground erected, it commands extenſive PROSPECTS, ſtretching every way: placed on the ſkirts of a ſmall VILLAGE, where lofty Sycamores, with ſpreading boughs, diſpenſe their ſhade around its tenements——beneath the leafy covert, oft at eaſe, the Peaſant ſits ſagacious, muſing on the ev'ning clouds, as weather-wiſe—there the ruſ-

tic Damſel, loit'ring in the day-fall gloom, communes with tell-tale intimates; deſcrib'ng LOVE, ſo natural and naked, that each fond confidant, with ſympathetic Sighs, ſalutes the well diſcover'd paſſion; whilſt each ſtands wiſhing, panting, and on fire——there too at ſeaſons, ſits the Matron of the Village, whoſe wrinkled brow confeſſes Age, but yet denies ſeverity: for as ſhe bends her weaken'd ſight, upon the poliſh'd needles whilſt ſhe knits, ſhe courts facetious prattle from the Babes, who pull the panſies on the green; and ſmiles to hear them liſp their Granny's tale, and imitate her prayer.

Surrounded

Surrounded with a ſhadowy grove, the RUINS of an ABBY, lift their ſolemn fronts, and ſhew their bending arches—in the diſtracted pomp of waſting columns, tot'ring walls, and gaſping windows, all the havoc of infatuated zeal, ſtands chacteriz'd: whilſt in widow-weeds of mantling Ivy, ſage RELIGION ſits, and mourns the deſolation of her houſe, and the ſad ſins of her degenerate Sons.

There the Groves of R—k—by ſtretching round her park, o'ertop the wall—ſweet ſcenes of Rural eaſe and Elegance—where G—A flying from the heathy mountains, precipitates her ſtreams from rock to rock, 'till in the

boſom

bosom of exulting T—s, the river Nymph resigns her auburn tresses, and nutbrown charms, in murmurs of soft extacy and Love—high hanging woods repeat the sounds, mix'd with the plaintive voice of amorous Doves who coo their tale of jealousy for every absent mate—

—Here Nature with dignity sublime excells the works of Art, and forms a solemn walk, where massive rocks, with august Columns prop the oaken grove that hangs upon their tow'ring Cliffs—the far projecting trees, spread wide their boughs, and give a leafy Canopy umbriferous; forming a scene, where

where WISDOM would delight to contemplate, where MEDITATION met with PIETY, would hold their holy converſe; and ſage PHILOSOPHY would ſit unſeen, to ſtudy Nature—once made the haunt of ſad DISSATISFACTIONS gloomy ſteps, where MELANCHOLY meaſured out her penſively reiterated Walk——there unredeeming R—k—by often ſtray'd, to meditate on the forlorn fate of his paternal Lands——there too projecting R—b—n hath ſat, to ſee his ſweet Demeſnes, from his unfeeling genius, transform'd to Stone; to plan the proud devouring Edifice, which ſwallow'd up theſe fertile fields, and all this paradiſe

——now M—TT is thy Lord, whoſe elegance of Taſte, is with the zone of PRUDENCE girt, and whoſe provident ſagacity engrafts DESCRETION on his PLEASURES.

Near to thy ſtreams O G——A, once the Præfect lay of fam'd SOLENCES, and the plain was burthen'd with a Roman Hoſt——oft in thy waters have the Heroes laved their valarous Limbs, and oft along thy channel ſtray'd, delighted with fertility—here too the Altar blaz'd to feſtive CERES, and the Grove reſounded with the rights of PAN—

——to them another Hoſt ſucceeded,

uſurp'd

uſurp'd their Luſtrals and their Altars, and pitch'd their Tent on M—R—NS plains; to foſter foreign Piety in theſe rich Lands——the fair Exotic aſk'd for happy vales, where Nature laviſh'd her luxuriancy: the mountain and the rock, where in the days of Yore, the Sage had ſought the preſence of his God, the gloomy Foreſt, and the dark damp Cave, were not befitted to her ſoft Italian Conſtitution.

Too long my Pen, dwells on thy ſcenes OR—K—BY, whilſt other objects wait my Muſe—where I—PE in rural opulence

opulence ſurmounts the Hill, and to the Eaſtern ſun extends its golden meads.—

——beneath whoſe feet, deep in the ſilent and ſequeſter'd Dale, a friend to Science lives, a letter'd Sage; devoted to Tranquillity and ſacred Truth: where pious W—K—FF, once convers'd with God.

Wide ſpreading Groves, and deep embow'ring ſhades, wrap up in ſolemn ſtillneſs T—L's Manſion—where the diſcontented Genius of the Glades, ſits ſighing for the abſence of her Lord; who from her haunts, eſtranges ſcience and Philoſophy, the Muſes and the Graces;

and

and carries them as Captives, far from his long deſerted Lands.

Thoſe lines of duſky Pines, which mark D—N—'s rich Demeſnes, ſhut up the proſpect.

There, thro' an Arch of Boughs, the elevated Fane of K—Y ſtrikes the eye, and gives its ſacred Tower, to form a noble diſtant Obeliſk.——

——And here, the woody banks of B-R-G-M, are bent up to the mountains brow; where M—K ſtill inherits the Patrician Virtues, and marks the ways of Life with ſuch benevolence, as purchas'd for his Anceſtors, immortal Love.——

—Still

—Still nearer lie the Lands of E—N where cultivation with a comely countenance, ſits ſmiling in its youth; and makes abaſh'd the neighbouring hills; where Nature ſleeps in native ruſſet, wrap'd in indolence and barrenneſs—— where H—E forlorn, creeps from the gloomy mountains ſide, and hides its clay-built Cottages——from whence a winding way is mark'd aloft, aſcending to the ſummit of the ſteep; conducting to the golden regions and the Mines of Patriotic T——R, and Paternal S——, whoſe knees benevolent, are crowded with his Childrens Children.

The

The SOUTHERN PROSPECT calls for my attention.——

—the neareſt object is the TOWN of B—, where on the hanging ſteep, the ſtreets extend, and pour their Thouſands forth.——

—There on the Cliff a ruin'd CASTLE ſtands, and frowns, impending o'er the foaming ſtreams, where T—s precipitates his noiſy floods, and drives his frighted Neiades from the ſcene of Horror——ghaſtly and wild the diſconcerted Walls ſtand ſullenly, and brave the wrath of Time—gloomy and dark their aſpect, as the Age, in which the Scottiſh founder form'd his Plan, and labour'd

up

up theſe Bulwarks, and this maſs of ſtone —the work of Vaſſalage—once the ſeat of Slavery and arbitrary ſway—in after Ages, made the holds of curs'd Rebellion and a thouſand Crimes—now left the monument of Tyranny expir'd, and great in Ruins, tells the Age of Liberty reſtor'd——become an object now for PLEASURES Eye, auguſtly reverent, thy Ivy mantled arches, ſhatter'd walls and rifted Towers, thy nodding Battlements, now domineer not, but adorn the Place.——

——Rich in Meadows, with hanging Woods and ſcenes of Pleaſure girt, O B——, thou art highly favour'd of the

hand

hand of Providence, and yet ungracious nd unhappy—declining TRADE ſits ſighng in thy ſtreets, and lean INDUSTRY, angs languiſhing upon her Loom—forſaken of thy PATRON, an outcaſt of thy LORD, a Prodigal, yet to thy father's houſe a Stranger—the joys of LEARNING beam not on thy boſom, where yet the SOCIAL VERTUES never dwelt—where feign'd COMPASSION proſtitutes the Counenance divine, to many a ſlanderous Tale, and trim'd in maſk of PITY MALICE walks——where MUTUAL FRIENDSHIPS yet remain unknown, and ENVY poiſons every breath of young BENEVOLENCE—how graceful are the Labours

of the few, who ſtruggle by example to envigorate the fainting VIRTUES—— where H—K, for fraternal Love and filial Piety rever'd, teacheth the delights of doing good.

Beyond the Town, on riſing ground, the manſion of the Sons of ISRAEL ſtands; commanding to the Eaſt, a vary'd Proſpect, full of Beauties—Woods which deck the Rivers banks—bright broad Canals and flow'ry Vales, o'ertop'd by HAMILTON's high ſky ting'd hills—thy Lord excells in his Paternal Duty and hoſpitable Board, famed for the Chaſtity

of each excentric Coaſt, that flows ſuperior to his Military habits.

Adjoining, on a graſſy brow, a Church is ſeen, whoſe humble architecture, (not debaſing divine Worſhip,) retains this Chriſtian maxim, that pure RELIGION, dwells in Simplicity—the gawdy robe, the gilded fane, are oſtentations own, in which Hypocriſy is ſeen to ſit—PRIDE is religions profanation, and arrogance in her Prieſts is Blaſphemy—the Villagers crowd the Tombſtones, and thoughtleſs o'er the dead, their ruſtic Jeſts propound, or Love-tales whiſper; till THE HOLY MAN, in Robes of White,

Religions Emblem, and the Type of Innocence, convokes the giddy Herd, and with his doctrines, lulls them to repoſe—

—beneath the Hill, the haſty river falls in hoarſe caſcades, and as it laves the ſounding ſhores, yields a loud plaudit to its bounteous Author; whilſt the leaping floods, exulting clap their Hands—

all on the verdant ſteep, the green turf marks the Peaſant's grave, where many an honeſt heart has fled from woe, and yielding up the ſpirit to its God, ſleeps in a Mother's lap ſerene—there in the verdant mantle, many a Maid hath wrap'd her Cares, hath huſh'd her wiſhes for the world,

world, and gives an Angel to the Skies.

On the gently rising hills behind, the Hamlets ſtand, diverſifying the extended Proſpect—there B—w ſcatters out her Cottages, crouching beneath the ſmoak of burning Lime, that clouds the ſultry Sun, with its expanding volumes—and here the duſty road leads up to B—s, beat by the feet of Travellers, and at the inſtant of my obſervation, crowded with Cattle, and a flock of Sheep, which, from the waſhpool bleat, and ſhake their dripping Fleeces——B—s once of Roman fame, lifts up her ruin'd Tower in frowns,

frowns, and mocks the ST—MORE Storm,
where CÆSAR's Tungrian Troops in gar-
rison in antient times secur'd the impor-
tant pass.

To the right, sweet D—RDALE pictu-
resque and fanciful, presents her Land-
scape—a bending arch yields to the T—
her gurgling rills, whose utmost might
maintains the Mill, which clacks he
humble Honors—above, the beaten roa
appears, winding by hedge-row Elms
where many a Peasant, to the drear
Moors, his languid Steps directs—th
nodding woods, on hanging steeps, the
Oaken branches play, along the windin

dell; whoſe little plains and ſparkling Pools peep thro' the Trees, and give variety to ſport with rural rude Simplicity —the elevated ground which terminates the View, riſes in rocks, that lift their ſtorm bleach'd Countenance, from out the fringes of the Bruſhwood, and ſupport ſome Shepherds Huts; under whoſe Brow, which battles with the bluſt'ring North, ſits R—N—T; where Cultivation kiſſes the extremeſt ſkirts of barren B—s, and mocks her Indolence with growing Corn:

The weſtern View courts my deſcription,—where juſt beneath this ſeat, the T—s expands his ſhining boſom to the day,

day, and in one long extended Lake, re-
flects the waving Woods, and flow'ry
Meads, which make his margin gay—
a little further L—N attempts to hide
her humble Village with her Trees; ex-
cept where M——s old hoſpitable Man-
ſion ſtands, diveſted of the Inſignia of
its woe, forbearing now to mourn for
her departed Lord, bleſs'd in the Virtues
of his Heir.——

——There L——E, from the banks
of B——R peeps, the outſide ſhew of
an imperfect plan.

—Beneath whoſe foot, calm C—R—
extends her ſtretching Village through
the flow'ry Meads, abounding like the

Land

Land of Promiſe, with the flowing wealth of Milk and Honey.—

—At the conflux of the Rivers, on a Rocky eminence, the Ruins of FITZ HENRY'S CASTLE ſtand, aſſuming ſtill the ſullen frown of Feudal Tyranny; a mimikry of antient inſolence and ſway, unhallow'd as the Templars arms which girt her arbitrary Lord.

Far as the Eye can reach, up B—R's dreary dale, the ſable Huts of H--N--R--TE are ſcatter'd, ſkirting the Deſart; deſcriptive to the view, of CAIN's ſad Camp within the Land of Nod, exil'd of Eden, and accurs'd of Heaven.

Deep in the Vale lies moping R—K, which like DESPONDENCY retires to gloomy walks and ſecret ſhades, to ruminate upon her unpropitious Hiſtory—yet there A MAN reſides, who, with a Taſte refin'd, a Mind that's poliſh'd with the polite Arts, and diſciplin'd in Erudition's School, neglects the gayeſt ſcenes of Human life, and MEDITATION courts, in theſe her moſt ſequeſter'd haunts; his daily pleaſure to inſtruct Mankind, that SACRED RULES and SOCIAL VIRTUES are the ſame.

Beneath

Beneath yon mountain's Brow, ſtands E——N, and ſpreads her white front to the Weſtern Sun: under whoſe foot, flows long-lamenting T—s; in murmurs mourning for his PRINCE deceas'd—over whoſe Tomb attir'd in HONOURS garb, in Tears A BROTHER ſtands, inſcribes his Urn with Characters of Love, and ſaves his Memory.

Northward I turn, and o'er the Paſture Land, where crowds of Cattle crown the Hill, and court the Breeze, ſtands W—z on her woody Banks; whilſt all above are ſeen the Royal chace of M—D and her Parks: whoſe gracious PRINCE

hath dignifi'd his Titles, by great Examples, that alone in VIRTUE true NOBILITY conſiſts.

Delightful ſcenes, where Nature with a laviſh Hand diffuſes all her Beauties!

The LITTLE COTT which now invites my Muſe, with humble charms abounded—calm TEMPERANCE and CLEANLINESS had made it pleaſing.—

—Within its walls a bending MATRON took her abode, and cheriſh'd in her boſom one fair bloſſom, AN ONLY DAUGHTER——in this retirement long had ſhe been hid, and on a ſcanty income liv'd

contented

content, with ſtrict frugality——her Daughter had attain'd her ſeventeenth year, and now ſhe ſat attentive to the Hiſtory of her Progenitors.

MONDAY

MONDA

Reveals our HEROINE'S *Birth.*

STRICKEN in years, the MATRO
ſat bending on her Couch——th
ſable Crape, and Widow-weeds whic
cloathed her, were adorn'd with Linne
white as ſnow——her face, (on whic
BENEVOLENCE was dreſs'd with BEAUT
IN DECAY,) ſhone with a Grace divine—
ſoft ſilver Hairs hung on her elevate
brow

brow,——and SENSIBILITY was in her looks, mixing with fond AFFECTION, as ſhe gaz'd upon her Daughter——one hand extended, lean'd upon her ſtaff; the other preſs'd her boſom as ſhe ſpake.

"My MARIANNE, 'tis time that thou "ſhouldſt know, from whence thou "ſprang; and what thy Fortune is—— "MY ANCESTORS were Men of little "note for Pedigree, or Opulence; "but HONESTY had mark'd them for "her own;——humble in Station, with "Humility they ſmooth'd the days of "Life——as uſeful members of com-

"munity,

" munity, they liv'd beloved, and
" mented died."——

—" thy FATHER, was a man of b
" ter birth, the eldeſt ſon of an exalt
" Family—his VALOUR was well try'd
" his LOYALTY was warm and HONO
" without ſtain.—the good man's yo
" was flatter'd by the ſmiles of fic
" Fortune——but, alas! his Parent w
" imprudent, and in his follies, ov
" whelm'd as fair a Race, as ever ble
" a father."——

—— " DISTRESS, which to m
" minds brings on DESPAIR, ſerv'd
" ly to exhilirate the genius and f
" vour of thy father——WORTHIN

is ſeldom bleſs'd with WORLDLY HO-
NOURS!——for ſo corrupt are COURTS,
that manly MERIT, when it comes ſuſ-
pended on the arm of POVERTY, is
turn'd aſide abaſh'd; and gives its
place to Babylooks of TITLE, and
the inſolence of INTEREST."——
——" the fate of thy dear FATHER——
——" long ling'ring Wars he ſerv'd,
cruel Campaigns, drear Voyages, and
many a bloody Seige——whilſt I, the
choice of his affection, hapleſs left at
home, paſs'd on a Life of Languiſh-
ment and Love—my ſoul was full of
his indelible dear Image—regard poſ-
ſeſs'd my Boſom with its pureſt fer-

" vour; and whilſt my thoughts were
" ever with my Lord, they were ever
" fill'd with doubts of Danger, and
" with fears forlorn.——how could I,
" MARIANNE, but dread the Tale of bat-
" tles and of ſlaughter, when he I lov'd,
" my ſoul's ſole Lord, all that was dear
" on Earth, was braving the attack?—
" —FANCY went forth, and dipp'd her
" wings in Blood; FANCY return'd, and
" laved her plumes with Tears.—Ima-
" ginations viſionary ſcenes, were all diſ-
" play'd, I heard the dire confuſion
" of fire Arms, I ſaw the gleam of
" Swords unſheath'd by the advancing
" Cavalry; I heard the Ordonance, and

" thought

"thought Battalions fell to the tremen-
"dous battery; I ſaw the ruſhing Pha-
"lanx, with the Bionet, breaking down
"ranks, and bearing Victory before
"them—horror beſet me at the ſhouts
"of Victory—and coldneſs crept upon
"my nerves, when ever I bethought me
"of the wounded—of the Conquer'd—
"of the ſlain."—

——"Oh! what could Love, Oh!
"what could ſuch affection as my ſoul
"poſſeſs'd, under ſuch circumſtances,
"but lament, and languiſh out in ſighs,
"the diſmal ſeaſons of my Solitude?—
"day after day, REFLECTION ſate aſſo-
"ciate with DESPONDENCY——night af-

" ter night, my Tears bedew'd my Bed;
" ſacred to LOVE, to INNOCENCE to VIR-
" TUE—dear ſcene of mutual Happineſs
" felicity as delicate as true affection
" vows, and yet as paſſionate—on that
" dear ſacred Couch I ſtill repoſe, and
" wait, reſign'd, the will of fate—'tis
" there—my Tears are ſpent upon thee—
" Tears thy daily tribute—there MARI-
" ANNE—'tis there—
—There lay the beſt of MEN!"—

She ceas'd her Tale, to ſhed a Tear,
and with her, MARIANNE wept.

" Kind fortune call'd thy Father home,
" ſafe

" ſafe and in health he came—his brow
" was ſunburnt and entwin'd with Lau-
" rels.——Yet what is HONOUR, but an
" empty title!—for he return'd, yet UN-
" PROMOTED, and yet POOR—my little
" portion juſt maintain'd me; his pay
" preſerv'd him from the hand of Hun-
" ger; but to his ſteps ſucceeded NE-
" CESSITY's numerous retinue."——

——" A twelvemonth's ſtay at home,
" gave me for Life a comforter—Thou
" wert the iſſue of that bleſſed intercourſe-
" a twelvemonth ended call'd him forth
" to War, and to my widow'd Arms re-
" ſtor'd old anxious TRIBULATION and
" DISMAY.——Alas! the miſery of part-

" ing

" ing Lovers, lives upon my Mind-
" Love grown into Life—entwiſted wi
" the heart-ſtrings—Soul of each othe
" Soul—bleſſed union of mutual min
" and wedded boſoms—I feel his ſad
" dieu ſtamp'd on my acking heart.
" I ſee his noble Image in my lively
" collection—a Man in figure, portly-
" great in Spirit—feeling and humane-
" ſtately he ſtood, and braved in ſen
" ment, the accidents of Life; but pi
" ful and tender on his wife he gaze
" and what he ſuffer'd, Oh! he ſuffer
" in compaſſion of my Woe.—O MA
" ANNE, thou wert in my arms——
" eyes juſt taught to look with love

" thy Father——thy innocence in
" ſmiles, making diſtreſs more exquiſite,
" as thy firſt ſmiles were ſpent on ſor-
" row—thy looks, appear'd to claim pro-
" tection from above; as God delights
" in Cherubs—Affliction ſtood upon our
" countenances——our tongues were ſi-
" lent, for the Woe was inexpreſſible—
" the good AMINTOR ſigh'd—Oh! the
" energy of ſuch a ſigh!—he drop'd his
" Arms from the embrace—and tears
" ſtood in his parting Eyes."—

Deep drawn ſighs, obſtructed the Wi-
" dow's narrative—and MARIANNE ſate
" ſorrowing at the picture of her Pa-
" rent.

" Thy

" Thy pratling tongue ſoon learnt
" liſp the name of Father—my ears
" joicing at the voice, have tingled wi
" delight—and yet for years paſt—
" years!—that Name, repeated from
" ſame Tongue, has tortured eve
" thought, and wrench'd my acki
" heart"——

——" for, Oh! my MARIANNE,
" two ſhort years were paſt, the dread
" news was heard, of the Battalions
" verthrow, in which thy Father ſerv'd
—" ſent on a forlorn hope, on dre
" ful paſſes, under the horrid rage
" thund'ring Batteries, and ſhowers
" ſhot; the blood of Britain ſtream'd,

" ſati

ſatiate the zeal of ſome mad General,
who glow'd for that diſhoneſt HONOUR,
which is purchaſed by the certain Maſ-
ſacre of Thouſands"——

"—all language ceaſes, when ſuch
woe demands deſcription—the feelings
of the Heart, the ſorrows of the ſoul,
alone can comprehend it."

"But from this ſtate of wretchedneſs,
ſome little time reliev'd me; for I
heard AMINTOR yet ſurviv'd"—

——"but wounded—render'd inca-
pable of further ſervice——returning
home, with HALF HIS PAY!"

O PATRIOTS bluſh!—bluſh PRINCES!—BRITONS bluſh!—Military pride, fa-bling fame, and baubling Honour, len-an Ear!—the voice of TRUTH repeat-your INFAMY, and tells your SHAME!

"Full of a thouſand Labours an-"Diſtreſſes, AMINTOR's youth and con-"ſtitution were expended in the ſe-"vice of his Country.—Valour and Ho-"nour could not be purchaſers of h-"PROMOTION—promotion was procur-"by favourites only—a ſcanty pay ſu-"tain'd him many years, juſt on t-"verge of bare neceſſity—and when u-"fit for ſervice—wounded—bleeding

" his King—in anguiſh for his country's
" cauſe, pouring out Life in Tribulation
" —with redoubled wants, the loſt A-
" INTOR was ſent home, with a piteous
" portion, to languiſh out exiſtence—
" one conſolation yet was left me, that
" the little mite entruſted to my hands,
" thro' my Induſtry and care, remain'd
" ſtill unreduced."

" I watch'd his coming ſteps, and
" form'd a thouſand projects in my mind,
" how we ſhould try to better our ſmall
" come—my wiſhing boſom heav'd to
" meet his laſt return, and with affec-
" tion to conſole his Sorrows and his

 " pains—

" pains——wearisomely I watch'd—n
' pleasing messenger foretold his ap
" proach—no Letter stamp'd with ch
" racters of Love, described his suffe
" ings, or promulg'd his wishes—
" anxious hope, I waited yet for ma
" months, e'er he arriv'd.

" As sighing, at my needle work
" fate, behold, the dear beloved Ima
" passing by, alarm'd my sight.—
" —with agitated heart, I ran to gr
" his coming—I beheld his face retai
" AMINTOR's countenance, but it w
" pale and spiritless—I hasted to rece
"

his lov'd Embrace—I ſtretch'd my
" Arms and fell upon his boſom."—
" —My boſom was alarm'd, my rap-
" tures were ſuſpended, when unſup-
" ported on the breaſt I lov'd, I ſunk
" and dropt upon the floor"—
——" doubting the affection of my
" Huſband, I ſhrunk back to view the
" man, and trace my misfortune in his
" looks; if there diſcovery was written,
" to teach me what he thought."—
—" thy Father MARIANNE, had ſunk
" upon a knee, to bend himſelf towards
" me—and to my tortur'd ſight diſ-
" play'd, the cauſe why my Embrace was
" unreturn'd"—

" —for,

—" for, Oh! my Daughter! h
" right arm extended, ſhew'd a miſer
" able Limb, without a hand; whic
" mock'd his wiſhes to enclaſp me—an
" his left ſide, was totally bereft o
" Hand and Arm."

Then from her breaſt ſhe drew th
Picture of AMINTOR, and kiſſing it, de
livered it to MARIANNE—crying, " Ho
" changed was this ſacred Image!—A
" las! then how unlike to this dear Por
" trait, which I wear upon my boſom
" within my heart a ſtill more delicat
" reſemblance is retain'd!"—

—Poor MARIANNE, with trembling
" hand

d, on bended knee, receiv'd the Por-
t; and looking on it with devotion,
pt.

After ſome moments, amidſt interrup-
ſobs, the Matron thus continued.—
—" Oh! horror not to be deſcribed!
poor maim'd Trunk!—by one accur-
ſed ſhot, bereft of thoſe two members,
and bereft of help!

A miſerable ſilence, for ſome time poſ-
ſ'd the ſcene.———
—" I on my knees, with extended
arms, ſhrinking back from ſights of
woe; which touch'd compaſſions fineſt
ferlings, and gave acuteſt horror—
" he

" he ſtill ſilent, with tearfill'd eye
" and grief too great for Words, d
" playing to my Pity and my Love
" mangled figure"—

——" Hopeleſs ſorrows, are the occ
" pation of weaker Minds—AMINT
" taught me to deſiſt from Lamentati
" when all remedy and all redreſs
" paſt away——we ſtudy'd to acco
" modate our minds to our conditi
" and with our little pittance, to enſ
" to Life, as many conſolations, as
" within our compaſs—we chang'd
" dwelling to a country ſpot, and for
" our frugal Plan"——

——" but there, alas! it was

" lo

" long, e'er the dear Man, with conſti-
" tution harraſs'd by his Toils, maim'd
" and helpleſs, languid and forlorn, de-
" parted hence; and in the realms of
" HEAVEN, fought for rewards, which
" VIRTUE is deny'd amongſt degenerate
" Men."

" Thy Mother then a Widow—Thou
an Infant, juſt advanc'd to four years
old—our All but little—little more
than one poor hundred Pounds.—I
quitted that abode, and hither fled,
where no one knew my ſorrows—
where the dear name, and ſad adver-
ſities of my AMINTOR never were re-

" hears'd—here have I brought thee up,
" and by Induſtry earn'd our ſuſtenance,
" without reducing this thy little Por-
" tion, which I have never dared intruſ
" beyond my reach." ——

——" Oh! MARIANNE, little can'ſ
" thou comprehend, what ſorrows I ſuſ
" tain'd, when on the Bed of languiſh
" ment he laid—the dear beloved Man-
" then dearer to me in his helpleſs ſtat
" as exerciſing both my Love and care-
" he once was amiable for his Perſon
" his Virtues—then were his Virtues le
" as monumental diſtichs, to rehear
" what the poor Martyr was." ——

——" Cou

——" Could ſoft affections Eye, be
" touch'd with more afflicting ſights,
" than to behold the HERO (who a-
" midſt terrors, had deſpis'd the threats
" of Death, advancing in multitudes of
" dangers, horrible as various) to ſee
" the man who brav'd the ſlaughter of
" the Field of Battle, in whoſe ſoul the
" ardour of HONOUR, kindled up intri-
" pid Courage and deſpite of wounds
" ſitting the mangled Image of a Man,
" and like a child ſubmitting to be fed.
" ——So the aſpiring Pine on Mountains
" brow, which ſcorn'd the ſtorms of
" Ages, ſmote by Lightning, yields its

" ſhatter'd Arms, and ſhews its cloven
" mutilated Trunk, a ſpectacle of Ter-
" ror to the Plains around."

" As he declin'd, his wants increas'd
" —his diet and his drink muſt be made
" Cordial—expences grew, as he ſunk
" down, and oft in Tears I ſat, and
" hoped the affluent would learn his
" Woes, and kind Compaſſion come
" and cheer his drooping ſoul——but
" AFFLUENCE beſotted with its ſelf en-
" joyment, was abſorb'd in ſad inſenſi-
" bility——COMPASSION was detain'd in
" Heaven—and CONSOLATION was, with
" God——the miniſt'ring Angel, who
" receiv'

receiv'd his ſoul, let fall a Tear; and from before mankind his miſeries ex-pung'd; that ſuffering VIRTUE might no longer weep, in ſorrows Vale, but waft her way to Heaven."

TUESDAY.

TUESDAY

Brings on the SUBJECT *of the* TALE

RISING Morn had open'd the eaſtern Gates of Heaven, and glowing clouds confeſs'd the coming Sun.——Aurora with a modeſt Bluſh and looks averted from connubial rites call'd forth the God of day, who linger'd on the couch of Thetis—the Birds waked ſoft melody in every Grove—the Cuckoo

Cuckow rouſing from his ſummer-dream,
ummer'd his inebriated Song.

Early as ſun riſe, ſighing, MARIANNE
lk'd forth to breath the morning Air,
d meditate upon the mournful Tale,
r Mother yeſterday related.

Led by the Muſe, I viſit the Events
ich TUESDAY brings.

The ſun beems play upon the COT-
GE windows—the ſwallow chirms up-
he Chimney-top—the Cock aſſiduous,
ws the morning watch—Ducks wad-
to the Brook—and in the paſture,

play

play the ſportive Lambs, amidſt the gol
cups ſpangled with the dew—

—beneath yon hanging grove, a litt
Plain, ſecludes her ſolitary ſcene fro
public eye; and wraps itſelf in ſtillne
—there the Brook throng'd with ben
ing Willows, creeps along the curli
Pool, and huſhes all the tumult of t
ſtreams, which at ſome little diſtan
ruſh'd their murmuring Waters o
rocks, and foam'd among retarding P
bles——faſt by the Water's brink,
antient Elm, of form groteſque
knotty, ſpreads its crooked Arms, yi
ing a ſhade over the broken grou
whoſe ſliding banks, whilſt ſhrinkin

Brook, leave graſſy edges, to invite
poſe, upon their eaſy ſeats——there
t my Muſe preſents to me the Image
MARIANNE——there firſt reveals the
ces of the Maid, whoſe Story claims
Sylvan Reed, and tunes it to MEL-
MENE and LOVE——

——there MARIANNE ſat——in Sta-
e tall, and ſtraight as Ruſhes of the
rulet——clad in Ruſſet, her beauty
confuſion to the Pride of Ornament
er arms like alabaſter, diſplay'd their
teneſs with a delicate proportion; her
k was lofty, and a hat of ſtraw ſha-
'd her Countenance, where MODES-

TY ſat trimming WISDOM with the ve
of DIFFIDENCE.——

——With claſping hands, ſhe ſat
meditate her humble Lot, and ſigh'd fo
the adverſity which overwhelm'd her f
ther.——She ruminated on the peace
hours of rural Life, with unambitio
Mind; and bleſs'd with CONTENTMEN
ſhe call'd it HAPPINESS——
——within her breaſt, young Lov
had learnt to ſport with INNOCENCE
HOPE, by the flatterings of Fancy, h
entangled her deſires—ſhe wiſh'd not
be greater, for her humble Paſſion h
its birth without AMBITION—there w

Youth, on whom her Virgin Wiſhes
ſted, a SHEPHERD.——

As on the Image of her Love, ſhe
nt a rapturous thought; with eyes
ſt up to Heaven, her pure deſires
eath'd into a Prayer.—It was then,
at ſhe reveal'd her Face, where beauty,
ch as adorn'd Eden's Eve, ſhone forth
MARIANNE—her Eyes of blue, were
eek and languiſhing; her brow was e-
vated, and adorn'd with pale brown
ir; her cheeks were ting'd with bluſh-
like roſes ſcatter'd upon ſnow; her
s were glowing with full tides of

Health, and in attention ſeparated, ſhew'd her Teeth of Ivory——

——FAIR FLOWER, the boſom of RAIMENT dreſſing!——ſweet as the ſpring-tide Hawthorn Bloſſom, trimming MAIA'S chaplet, as ſhe walks the Dale!——fair as the wild Roſe on the rivers brink, that brightens her attire, by the reflection of the ſhining ſtream!——humble and chaſte as yonder pretty ſtem of Lilly-of-the-Vale, that in its verdant mantle hides its charms, contented with its purity and Peace!——Such was FAIR MARIANNE.

Her Mother bending on her Staff, forſakes the COTTAGE, to ſalute her Daugh-

ter

and ſee the Linen bleach which
read the green—the Matron ſoon per-
civ'd, ſome new anxiety ſat on her Mai-
en's looks, and fear'd the Tale of their
alamities, had born too hard upon her
Mind—thus ſhe aſſays to comfort her—
—"My MARIANNE, forbear to che-
riſh ſorrows—Lamentation is in vain,
when Remedy is gone—the fitteſt du-
ties of the Mind, are to enumerate the
conſolations which are left us——to
weigh the bleſſings which we taſte, to
eſtimate the good things we enjoy,
compare them with the fortunes of
the many who experience greater ills
than we; and then in gratitude, give

"praiſes

" praiſes to the God of Heaven, who
" preſerveth us from worſe eſtate—
" way of HAPPINESS leads not on
" aſſents, trod by AMBITION and
" DINATE DESIRE—no—ſhe hath
" her paſſes in the deep ſequeſter'd
" of ſtill CONTENT—all that I
" to ſecure my MARIANNE, and in
" happy marriage, harbour the Bark,
" which my treaſure is laid up; in
" my care for ever fails, and ſeeks
" hop'd for ſhore—— but perils wait
" Voyage.—LOVE, like the Ocean,
" inconſtant ſcene; for now it
" with ſmoothneſs and with ſmiles,
" you would think, that
" play'

play'd upon its shining bosom, with SECURITY—but soon the sun-reflecting Plain, is curl'd by rising Breezes; up the billows heave, and swell as bosoms panting with their passion—rougher it rises, till the leaping surge, confounds its waters with the clouds; the winds with ruffled wings dash on the Tide, and stir the direful tumult up to Tempest—the little FEMALE BARK that launch'd from shore, with only INNOCENCE on board, plays thoughtless on the pleasurable Mirror, and sees but INNOCENCE in its reflection—but when the Ocean troubled with the Wind, his countenance deforms, con-

" founded,

" founded, ſhe perceives that her retu
" is render'd impoſſible, without
" Rudder of EXPERIENCE; without Su
" PICIONS Mariners to hand the S
" without the Oars of RESOLUTION
" ſtruggle with the Tempeſt, witho
" PRUDENCE, and without PERSPICUI
" to guide the Helm; with only PRE
" on board, who calls on CHASTITY
" go to Prayers——the Veſſel fills wi
" floods tremendous, and immerſing
" for ever loſt—LOVE is inſidious—th
" paſſion firſt advances with ſoft inſinu
" ating Joys—the Eyes delight to gaze
" the ear is charm'd with ſweet profe
" ſions, correſponding with the hearer

" with

wiſh, and what the ſympathetic Lover feels—the claſping hand receives the mutual graſp—advancing wiſhes, riſing on a growing intimacies ſoft gradations, at length break the bounds of Modeſty's reluctance, and glowing kiſſes kindle feveriſh raptures——each Breaſt beats with impatient throbs——Eyes in their humid gaze, grow languid—and Paſſion ſoon advances beyond the barriers of PRUDENCE—what we wiſh to credit we confide in—and INNOCENCE as void of Suſpicion as of Guile, lays all abroad for TREACHERY and TREASON."

As thus the Matron ſpake, fair MARI-

ANNE, placing her claſp'd hands upon her knees, with unſhifting gaze, kept her Eyes upon her Mother; whilſt her tears in trickling ſhowers fell faſt—as ſhe ceas'd, thus the ſweet Maid reply'd—

"The tender Care, and parental "love of my dear Mother, command my "Duty and Gratitude—my boſom knows "no thought, my Mother ought not to "know—my ſoul can breath no wiſh, "you ſhould not govern—do you ſuſpect "your daughter of Imprudence?—alas! "my Mother, have I diſobey'd?—I do "confeſs—dear EMMA, I admit."——

——"What doth my Child intend to "ſay?"——

——"Whilſt

——"Whilſt you deſcrib'd the dangers of the Paſſion, I trembled for myſelf—indeed my Mother———nay, let not anger grow into your loving looks—let not a thought of condemnation touch your mind, or wreſtle with affection—your MARIANNE hath not a ſentiment unworthy of her Mother's Ear."—

——"You keep me in ſuſpence," EMMA interrepts, "whilſt doubt and apprehenſion raiſe their viſionary terrors —ſpare a Parents fears.——

——"Oh! bleſſed Matron, do I give you pain?—let it be increaſed a thouſand times on me, could I but ſave my

" Mother's anguiſh!—If your belov'd
" MARIANNE hath liſten'd to the tale of
" Love—alas! I ſee the frown is gather-
" ing on your brow, and I have err'd."—

——" With confidence, my child,
" reveal the Story of thy Paſſion—my
" experience may conduct thee in the
" Labyrinth, and lead thee ſafely to the
" paths of Honour."—

——" My Paſſion, (ſaid the fair one
" with a bluſh) do you ſuſpect your
" Child of ſuch imprudence as to have
" yielded up her heart to paſſions, without
" a Mother's knowledge?—when I exa-
" mine into all my Mind, I think myſelf
" as free as ever—but ſome how, I per-

" ceive

ceive a ſigh ſteals from my breaſt, and tells me that I am not eaſy, and yet I feel no pain—a tender anxiety ſits on my thoughts—ſometimes I wiſh I were in theſe retirements, and when I am here, I wiſh I were away—a liſtleſneſs hangs on me, I know not how, that gives me little reſt; and yet it is a kind of melancholy pleaſure."——

——"Tell me, my MARIANNE, from whence theſe new ſenſations come."——

—"My heart is open to my Mother's Eye—Concealment is not known within my ſoul—you know the gay OLISSUS, the lord of yonder rich Demeſnes, —he talk'd to me of LOVE—and with

"a

" a graceful perſon, flow'ry Tongue,
" and ſtrange humility of tenderneſs,
" diſcover'd to me firſt the Character of
" a LOVER; for indeed I had not form'd
" the leaſt Idea what a Lover meant."—

——" And what enſued my Girl?" the Matron haſtily reply'd, for to her boſom, glowing with wiſhes for her Daughter's welfare, AMBITION had inſinuated its deluſive viſions.

" On his purſuit of Pleaſure, here he
" ſtray'd—his Dogs were in the Thicket
" after game—he bearing on his Arm a
" Gun, ſurprized me at my Work—
" then it was I firſt beheld OLISSUS—

" he

he ſeem'd to eye me with a fond attention—abaſh'd to bear the looks of this rich man, I bluſh'd and walk'd away—he follow'd me, and aſk'd my Name, and where I dwelt, and who belong'd I to—never aſham'd to own my Habitation, or my dear Mother, I reply'd with Truth; and ſhew'd him where our COTTAGE ſtood, and talk'd of you———he look'd upon me ſtedfaſtly, and ſmil'd, as if I pleas'd him with my ſincerity—your ſpeech, ſays he, diſtinguiſhes you are not a Native of this Dale; your Manners tell me you are better bred—he ſeiz'd my hand—

"I

"I trembled observing my confusion, he
"bow'd and left me—
——"I never thought of the event
"for many days, till again I saw O
"LISSUS coming towards me in the Grove
"where I sat to shelter me from Noon
"tide heat—when he approach'd,
"beheld the character of benevolen
"imprinted on his looks; his eyes wer
"flashing with good humour—I attempt
"ed to arise, but he prevented me,
"sat down by my side—with a degree
"fervor which I never had perceiv'd in
"any man, he talk'd to me of Love
"assur'd me that his soul was languish
"ing, and all his Happiness depend

on my ſmiles.—I wonder'd at his words, and grew afraid—his face began to glow like the Countenance of a Man in Wrath, his lips were trembling, and his eyes grew piercing—then ſeizing my hand, he graſp'd me paſſionately—I ſhrunk away—with ſoft perſuaſion and the gentleſt accents, he ſtill'd my apprehenſion—as I grew bolder, he grew bolder too—he caſt one Arm about my waiſt, and kiſs'd my cheek—I thought his lips were burning—he ſigh'd and ſeem'd uneaſy—I was abaſh'd——Confuſion grew upon me—I was overwhelm'd with ſhame, and yet I gain'd recollection

" ſufficient to enable me to reprove him
" for his boldneſs—you kill me with
" your frown, ſays he—you make me
" tremble Sir,—indeed I am much a-
" ſham'd and terrified—your bluſhes ſet
" my boſom in a blaze, your eyes diſ-
" ſolve my ſoul, ſays he, and preſs'd
" himſelf upon me—I bent back and
" ſhun'd his Kiſſes.—I tumbled on the
" Green."——

——" Alas, my MARIANNE," the Ma-
tron cries.——

" Then unbounded in his Kiſſes, he
" planted them upon my Boſom—his
" hands were wand'ring over my Neck
" —I was flutter'd, diſtreſs'd, and out
" of

of breath—he ſaw my Miſery—Oh! my Mother, the remembrance agitates me grievouſly—for giddy with the ſtrange unuſual freedom and my fright, I was ready to expire within his Arms —when he perceiving my Diſtreſs and weak Eſtate, ſeiz'd the occaſion,"— he paus'd—

—With eyes and hands directed up to Heaven, the Matron ſat mute—

—Again ſhe breaks the awful, tho' momentary ſilence, "At that inſtant he diſplay'd himſelf in the moſt amiable Character—he aroſe, and bending towards me, took my trembling hand, and rais'd me—He ſeem'd to pity me

"How godlike was his figure in
"Pity—the expreſſions of Charity
"Benevolence were ſtamp'd upon
"features—a gracious greatneſs ſhone
"upon his Countenance, and like the
"ſaving Angel he appear'd, who fed
"the broken-hearted HAGAR's fainting
"ſteps, to ſtreams of water in the Wil-
"derneſs—your Images of Love, ſtruck
"my mind with the juſt ſimilitude of
"my miſhap, and brought your con-
"demnations home upon my own impru-
"dence—for 'till the ſtrange event was
"paſt, I never conceiv'd the danger I
"was expoſed to, or weighed the wide
"diſparities of fortune, the inequalities
"between

" between us!—I thought he utter'd
" truths, and entertaining no impulse
" of guile, I doubted no deceit—but
" since that time, dear Mother, I have
" trembled at the recollection of myself
" —for I have heard say, that Man is
" often base, and can dissemble and coun-
" terfeit the Passions of a Lover—can
" vow such Vows, and tell such Tales,
" as cheat poor Innocents—can like the
" barbarous Man who slays a Lamb, di-
" vest himself of all Humanity; pos-
" sess the Virgins moment of distress,
" and whilst she places all her virtuous
" confidence and holy faith upon de-
" lusive promises; and whilst he

" plans

"plants the rapturous kiss, to seal the
"lips which breath her Innocence, his
"heart is harbouring the worst of wish-
"es, and the Maiden is lost in Wiles—
"alas! my Mother,—I tremble at the
"precipice, on which I trod."—

The Matron shook her head and sigh'd
—"and yet thou art not from that pre-
"cipice escap'd—within thy bosom lurks
"the Traitor, that will yield thee back
"into OLISSUS' Arms."

The affrighted MARIANNE dropt upon
her knee, and holding forth her hands,
beseech'd her Mother to discover the in-

siduous

iduous ſentiment, which threat'ned to ndo her.

"What was that liſtleſneſs, my MA- IANNE, of which you talk'd, that gave you little reſt, yet ſeem'd to be a me- lancholy pleaſure?"

"OLISSUS name," replies the Maid, has no connection with thoſe ſenti- ments—of him or his profeſſions I have never thought, but with a bluſh —no tenderneſs of mind is due to him —if Love is known by ſuch ſenſations, as I heretofore ſpoke of, that Love belongs not to OLISSUS—no; another claims my ſighs."—

The

The Matron's silence, gave liberty to MARIANNE to tell her Tale.

"Some months since, when winter "cloath'd the ground with snow, I went "to visit my poor Lamb, which went "with neighbour SYMKINS Flock upon "the Fell—the pretty Animal was given "to me by ALCIRIS, CYMON's son—its "mother, dear creature, dy'd, soon after "it was born, and then the little Or-"phan wanting sustenance, was trusted "to my tenderness and Care—with great "compassion I beheld its desolate Estate, "helpless and harmless—in its looks "were soft distresses written, and its

"languid

languid eye expreſs'd dejected Inno-
cence, its cries were pitiful complain-
ings, and my compaſſion ſucceeded to
its moan.—I fed it with my hands, I
made its couch of Wool; I heard its
calls of hunger, and I tended it with
tenderneſs—the pretty female grew in
ſtrength—as if its little heart was mo-
ved with gratitude, it follow'd to my
call, and lifted up its face to court my
looks; its Countenance expreſs'd the
pleaſures of its mind, whilſt on its
curling wool I ſtroak'd my hand—
grown older, in my walks it walk'd;
and whilſt I ſat, it crop'd the blades of
graſs, play'd round my ſeat, and

" when ſome length of time elaps'd with-
" out my calling on its name, it came
" and bleated in my face, and ſeem'd to
" court continuance of my care, or
" ſeem'd to fear I had neglected her—
" theſe were pretty tricks which won
" my heart, and of its innocence and
" ſweetneſs, ſure I was enamour'd—for
" I lov'd the Lamb, as now I ſeem to
" love a Swain, whom may the Heavens
" be pleas'd, my Mother may ap-
" prove."——

—" ALCIRIS met me trudging in the
" ſnow— the ſheep were gather'd on the
" Hillocks, where they ſtood lamenting
" and diſmay'd, hungry and trembling,

" —for

"—for my Lamb I wept---he caught
"it up and bare it in his arms, home to
"our COTT---as then I loved the Lamb,
"I lik'd the man who ſaved it from the
"miſery it felt---he aſk'd a poor reward
"for ſuch his care, and with good will I
"yielded it---he aſk'd a kiſs, he took it
"for his pains; and for my Lamb I
"gave him one again---my tranſport
"made me bold, for all my mind was
"full of the dear Lamb; I never
"thought of what it was I did---but re-
"collection ſoon ruſh'd upon me, my
"confuſion was almoſt immediate, and
"bluſhes were inceſſant---he gaz'd upon
"me with looks of languiſhment mixing

" with ſmiles; an expreſſion not to be
" deſcribed, was in his eyes---then was
" the time, I firſt perceiv'd peculiar
" pleaſure in the converſation of a Man
" ---and thence I firſt began to obſerve
" the image of his Sex, with more than
" cold indifference---for my involuntary
" gaze, ran rambling over his figure,
" with a curioſity fraught with pleaſure
" ---I beheld him tall and well propor-
" tion'd---his limbs are not robuſt, but
" of a gentle turn---his jetty Locks break
" careleſs o'er his neck in ringlets, his
" garb, tho' homely, ſhews his form to
" ſome advantage---his brow is open---
" his eyes as dark as ſloes, look quick

" as

as ſparks ſtruck from the Travellers horſe-ſhoe in the Lanes at night, and make one ſtart with the acuteneſs of the flaſh---his cheek is ruddy with the glow of Health, where ſmiles ſit good-naturedly in dimples; and from his lips, the ſofteſt Voice, in ſweet, in mild and modeſt accents fall---his education far beyond his ſtation, gives him ſentiments and phraze, would make my Mother wonder---a SHEPHERD in his occupation, but above OLISSUS in his Wiſdom---My MARIANNE, he ſays, the Lamb's an Orphan, bereft of aid---it has loſt its Parent---Animals of Prey will ſoon devour it; if it is

"not foſter'd by thee---all ORPHANS are
"expoſed to perils---preſerve my Lamb,
"and let me be thy Shepherd---I won-
"der'd at his talk---thou art, ſays he,
"juſt as this Lamb, bereft of that good
"Parent, who might defend, ſuſtain,
"and bring thee out of Dangers—thy
"antient mother may inſtruct thee, but
"the wiſdom of all precept is confoun-
"ded by evil Fortune, and ſubject to
"the ſubtilties of Knaves; as Aſpines
"tremble to every breeze—the Wood-
"bine unſupported, dangles in the duſt;
"and untimely, all her ſweets and
"beauties languiſh and expire—my Arm
"methinks,

methinks, could find for thee Protection; my bosom could ensure a resting place; my Industry could earn thee Competency and Comfort;—I guess'd not at his wishes—

—"And I could love my Lamb for ever, he cries."—

——"then it was I first was struck with comprehension—I told him, that my Mother ruled my Actions, and that I had not entertain'd a Wish to call my own——

——"but wilt thou, (adds he, with a degree of impatiency) hear me tell my Passion? for I love thee as my Life—

"I

" I firſt obſerv'd thee at the Chapel, and
" I thought I ſaw an Angel pray—my
" Soul was ſet on fire, and I was all En-
" thuſiaſm, my Devotion was carry'd
" to a fervor beyond what I had before
" experienced—yet whilſt I kneel'd, my
" mind began to wander, and my
" thoughts would often ſtray from hea-
" ven, replete with Love of thee—I che-
" riſh'd the fond flame, and oft it led
" me muſing in the Grove; and oft my
" fancy wander'd, inſpired by thy I-
" mage, as on the Hill I lay to tend my
" Sheep—when e'er I tuned my Pipe,
" thou wert the muſic of my Mind; and
" full

" full of thee. each warbling ſonnet tril'd
" —oft to myſelf I talk'd, and prais'd
" thy Charms, and pray'd for thy em-
" brace—the Beachen bark ſtands letter'd
" with thy name, the Lime-tree bears
" the emblems of my Love."——
"——" as thus he talk'd, my Boſom
" heav'd with haſty breathing; on my
" cheeks the colour aroſe, and tears ſtood
" in my eyes—he preſs'd my hand to his
" ſoft lips, whilſt my impatient boſom
" throb'd, to exchange the pleaſure."—
"——" he added, to wedlock faireſt
" MARIANNE my wiſhes lead, for it
" would equal a ſtate of Paradiſe to have
" thee mine."—

——" I bid him talk to you of Mar-
" riage—here in this Dale he often
" comes, in theſe ſequeſter'd Plains we
" walk, and in yonder long green Lane,
" beneath the ſhade of Hawthorns; our
" talk is full of gentleneſs, and the
" more he profeſſes himſelf the Lover,
" ſeems the more abaſh'd, timorous, and
" doubtful to offend—not like OLISSUS,
" whoſe impetuous Paſſion kindling up
" from ſparks, blazed out in vehemence,
" and terrified me with a flood of Kiſſes
" —when ALCIRIS is here, the hours
" ſeem enviouſly ſhort, and he is de-
" parting, before I think I have wel-
" comed him— his kindneſs delights my
" recollection

"recollection—I could think of him for
"ever.—If this is LOVE, dear Matron,
"then your MARIANNE hath been en-
"snared."

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY.

Is ſpent in COUNTER PLOTS.

AS the panting Zephyr, ariſes from the op'ning Roſe loaded with ſweets, the Muſe enraptur'd with the Image of fair MARIANNE, withdraws her wing, fraught with the ſimple beauties of meek Innocence; and ling'ring on the haunts of Pleaſure, with reluctance bends her way to yonder VALE, which

hich from throng'd Alders, thriving

their watry ſituation, give to CYMON'S

ands the name of ALLER COPSE.

The Dwelling of this family, is placed

n a low ground, where Ruſhes are a-

undant—a creeping ſtream winds thro'

e flat, worn in the Peaty Earth, which

ains the muddy Waters—a grove of

lders croud the marſh, obſtructing the

iew from CYMON'S COTTAGE; and in-

rcepting every object, ſave the elevated

lountains which o'ertop the Trees—

—Cloſe to the Windows, in a miry

rack, the Cattle trudge—at the door,

dunghill laid, the ſow delights in In-

dolence,

dolence, and courting Eaſe w thm any a
ſigh, extended pants, full in the Sun—
the entrance is diſtinguiſhed by its flags,
rude and irregular; where beneath a rag-
ged ſhed, ſome peats and wither'd Wood
are heap'd—dark, damp and melancholy
the habitation looks—cold Ivy mantles
on the Front, where Sparrows neſtle—
ſome ſtrunted Thorns, ſpread their green
boſoms around the door, and dry the
dangling diſhclouts, and give air to
Stockings blue and brown—the ſcanty
Windows ſcarce ſufficient to admit at
Noon a twilight ray, are patch'd with
paper—on the Hearth the fuel blazes,
circled round with bricks, whoſe ſmoak

n winding Volumes eddies in the open
ange; where many an iron inſtrument
f Houſehold, as decorations hang— a
ong ſettee, the fireſide throngs, cover'd
ith Calf-ſkin; beneath whoſe frame,
ld CYMON's wooden ſhoes keep holy-
ay, and harbour Tabbys Kittens—a
hining Table, ſpreads its ample bord
eneath the window, loaden with a lea-
en loaf, a cheeſe, and ſcatter'd leeks—
ull oppoſite, an oaken Cupboard ſtands,
here carving is benumb'd in ſtiff ſtalk'd
Lillies, lumps of Grapes and wooden
oliage——the pillars ſwell protuberant
ith timber, and half reveal each pri-
ate receſs and carv'd cloſet door—with

pewter

pewter doublers, all the top ſtands fur-
niſh'd—the white waſh'd walls are pic-
tur'd with the ſufferings of Saints,
gaſh'd and bedaub'd with crimſon and
yellow—here CYMON lives in wealth—
for he, laborious in his youthful years,
and crafty, had amas'd a fortune—Riches
obtained by the ſweat of toil, and many
a ſubtle bargain; yet ſaved by abſtinence,
pinching penury, and ſelf-denial,
ſnatch'd from the hand of Hunger, and
the lip of Thirſt, with coarſe and homely
food ſuſtain'd, not knowing comfort but
in Gain—all his delight was Gold—the
yellow ſtore, which neither accommoda-
tions purchaſed, or eaſe, was his felicity

—it joy'd his ear—tranſports diffuſed on his Soul, as gold poſſeſs'd his eyes—its touch was exquiſite—its numbers heavenly—without an eſtimate to give it an importance, he adored the Ore—ſo the infatuated Indian, bows in worſhip, to the mute log, whoſe ſtrange diſtorted features his own rude carving render'd hideous; and of whoſe impotence and inſenſibility he was fully conſcious from its beginning.—

——Bending with age, the ſage Old Man, ſat multiplying in his mind, the ſtore he had amaſs'd by numbers, to which his love of life, had bid him hope he ſhould increaſe his Years—— a little white hair ſilver'd his brow, be-

neath a cap of woolen, ſtrip'd with green and grey—his heavy eye-brows hid his eyes with tufts of yellow hair—on his ſharp noſe two ſhatter'd glaſſes hung—hollow was his cheek, bruſh'd with a briſtly beard—his party colour'd Coat, bound with a leathern Girdle, had wearied Induſtry to patch, and Avarice to gather——

—The partner of this wealthy man, ſat o'er the Embers, whiffing fragrant fumes from out a ſooty Pipe—her ſmall and meagre figure was attir'd in home-ſpun grey—girt with blue bands, her tatter'd apron wav'd in fringes to her Knees—her ſallow ſkin, hung ſhriv'l'd

on her brow in many a Plait—her cheeks were lean and lank—her acute looks seem'd with ſuſpicion keen, and in her wither'd carcaſs, hollow ſounds inceſſantly croak'd and wander'd——ALCIRIS was the Iſſue of their youth—a Child they had, born in their elder years, a DAUGHTER——ALCIRIS was the day long from their ſight, he was the guardian of their Flocks—but their JENNETTA was employ'd at home in domeſtic Duties—her occupations were the Dairy and the Fold.

This Daughter, ſad Misfortunes had diſfigured—her ſhoulders were protuber-

ant—her ankles twiſted, and her Coun-
tenance was crooked—as her frame, ſo
was her Mind diſtorted—for tho' the
Cow's benevolence ſuppli'd her daily
Pail, and fill'd her Bowls with riches;
tho' the meek flocks their heavy fleeces
yielded to her Arms, and fill'd the graſp
of Avarice with wealth—tho' the proli-
fic Stye with Litters teem'd, the Roof
pour'd forth her hidden hoards and li-
ving Troops—altho' fertility had bleſt
the Furrow and the Mead; yet void of
gratitude, untouch'd by daily bounties
and examples, her ſoul remain'd as ſul-
len as the Rocks, which frown'd upon
the Dale; and taſteleſs of the gifts of

Providence,

rovidence, as the dark barrenneſs of
hought, which broode I only on the
opes of future Gain. — —
——led by chance, as ſhe returned
rom the Town, JENNETTA paſs'd the
OTTAGE of fair MARIANNE—within the
ong green Lanes ALCIRIS ſtray'd and
ith his lovely Maid, in tales of ſoft
ffection, unſuſpiciouſly enjoy'd the ſha-
lowy haunts, where blowing Woodbines
ent round the Hazel boughs, and
here they thought themſelves in ſecret
nd ſecure—JENNETTA view'd the Pair,
nd with ſour looks a-ſkance, gave up
er mind to malice; for within her Soul,
oft ſympathetic Pleaſures never beem'd.

— Homeward

—Homeward JENNETTA hey'd, and to her Parents gave deſcriptions of the ſcene ſhe hated—At her approach, the bolt was drawn with cautious hand—with eye placed to the latch-hole of the door, the Matron view'd JENNETTA's face e'er ſhe would give her paſſage—haſte had made her breathings ſhort, wrath enflam'd her cheek, and glared upon her eye—the Parents ſaw their Daughters Image chang'd, and fear'd ſome danger had beſet her Steps—the Maid impatient of their error, cries, "Stay your miſtaken apprehenſions, "'tis not for me, that your Parental "hearts ſhould pant with Terror, but

"for

for your Son ALCIRIS."——as ſhe paus'd, Dread ſtole into their ſouls, nd ſtruck them dumb: for with the tmoſt tenderneſs, they lo'd ALCIRIS—

—"He (ſays JENNETTA) is betray'd— deluded by the Arts and ſly inſinuations of that MARIANNE, of whom too buſy fame hath often ſpoken ill."—

"—Of MARIANNE (the Mother interrupts) and who is ſhe?——

——"One (cries the Maid) whom the world has treated with contempt, —of ſpurious birth—or if of birth legitimate; of Father, and of ſtock unknown—ſhe with her Mother lives an homely Life; but how they are

"ſuſtain'd,

" ſuſtain'd. the Neighbours have not
" learnt, ſave what their Needle-work
" procures them; a ſorry Pittance—yet
" with their poverty ſo proud, they
" ſcorn all intercourſe with the People,
" deſpiſing to be ſocial with the Cotta-
" gers who dwell within their Dale,
" they live unneighbourly, and hide
" their wants in a ſequeſter'd ſolitary
" Life."—

——The old Man, from his ſtool
edge, with projecting figure, ſat un-
eaſy; with hand extended and impa-
tient looks, attentive to the Tale—
——" yet with their Poverty ſo proud
" that all their converſe, when they
" condeſcend

" condeſcend to talk with Peaſants, is
" of Romantick Virtues, lofty Views,
" preſuming Maxims, Manners dictating,
" and Modes ambitious—they ſcorn the
" little talk of Dairy duties and the
" Reapers joys—this MARIANNE hath
" fill'd her ſimple ſoul with empty
" tales of times paſt by, and what ſhe
" calls Philoſophy; and gives her wan-
" d'ring thoughts up to the ſtars——a
" Mate unfit for our ALCIRIS."——

——The old Man interrupts——
" Whence knoweſt thou that ſhe has
" ſnared my Boy?—for him I toil'd—
" I love the Lad—for him, I have re-
" joic'd to multiply my Gains—the

" Youth deſerves my Care, for diſobe
" dience ſince his earlieſt breath, hath
" never mark'd his Life."——
——" Cometh not diſobedience ſoon
" enough reply'd JENNETTA, when AL
" CIRIS would diſpoſe his Heart, on
" other objects than his Father's
" will?—I ſaw him in yonder green
" Lanes walk, hid from the beams of
" day, by ſhading Trees and hanging
" Woodbines; concealing from the eye
" of Man his odious intercourſe with
" MARIANNE—I ſaw her ſtretch her neck
" aloft, exulting in the Vows he paid—
" her lofty neck, extended with the
" empty Pride of this her conqueſt, like
" the

" the giddy Gooſe, that looks around,
" rejoicing in the empire of her gadling
" Gander—ſo ſimple look'd the Man
" amidſt her Triumph—with portly gait
" ſhe walk'd and ſeem'd to think her-
" ſelf a Goddeſs—and when ſhe deign'd
" to ſmile, the Swain around her waiſt,
" caſt his tranſported Arms, and in a
" ſtrain of Phrenzy catch'd a kiſs—
" whence can ſuch fond infatuation
" flow?—Such faſcination of the human
" Mind?—I neither feel nor fancy the
" ſenſation, which can beget ſuch tranſ-
" ports."—

—The Mother, with a ſcream, claſp-
ing her hands, interrupts the Story;

aſking a thouſand queſtions in a breath, which in the ſame breath ſhe reſolves into the darkeſt doubtfulneſs.

The Father heard the Tale, and thus " harrangues,——" Here all my days " have been conſum'd in Toil—my " years in Labour ſpent, have yielded " riches, which hitherto I have not en- " joy'd—for in thoſe Riches, ſelf-denial " hath withdrawn my Lip from Com- " forts Cup and Appetite hath often " yearn'd at my moſt parſimonious board; " whilſt ſelf-enjoyment, held in Chains " of Avarice, hath languiſh'd out exiſt- " ence—I loved my Boy, and for his

" happineſs

happineſs forſook my own—yet what is Happineſs?—with him 'tis Love—his undeſerning Mind is occupied by preſent objects, and perceives not what futurity is pregnant with—he thinks the ſmiles of MARIANNE are ſmiles of Heaven, and taſtes in Kiſſes Love's infatuating fond felicity——once I was young, and ELLEN on my breaſt, was all my wiſhes crav'd.—I lov'd my ELLEN with a tranſport not to be expreſs'd.—My daily toils, tho' wearifome, were ſweet, ſince they ſupply'd my Wife with Comfort—my Cares were for her pleaſures, for the cares proceeding from Neceſſity, were

"weigh'd

" weigh'd alone by ELLEN's wants.—
" Labour was chearfully ſuſtained, as
" it purchaſed us ſuch Bleſſings—Eaſe
" ſo ſeldom taſted, was an ineſtimable
" Joy, as it indulg'd our intercourſe of
" Love, and made the Sunday, Happi-
" neſſes Sabbath—but years came on
" and cool'd our Paſſions—when Na-
" ture cool'd, Felicity fell from Tranſ-
" port into Temperance, and Love ex-
" tinguiſh'd his fervor and his fires—
" the various Eſtimates of Life were
" changed—Neceſſities grew irkſome—
" Care came on in frowns—and all the
" ſweets which once could meliorate the
" ſorrows of our ſtation, like the Roſes

" on

" on the Briars, with the Seaſons droop-
" ing, died away, and left the Thorns
" naked—we thence perceiv'd that mo-
" ney was the only ſource of laſting
" Peace, as it ſecured our Eaſe—for our
" Infants we became anxious, to gain
" them property, was to ſecure them
" Pleaſure—Love is the ſeaſoning of
" Youth—but Youth is as a ſpan in
" human Life, which when elapſed, re-
" ſigns mankind to Care."

JENNETTA ſigh'd—the Father ceas'd
—the Maid cries out, " Why, what
" am I?—of what am I compounded?
" unlike my Parents, and unlike my
" Brother—

" Brother—I neither feel the pleaſure
" which my father pictures, or my Bro
" ther taſtes; nor doth my mind con
" ceive what kind of Joy, this Love in
" ſpires. I often thought the ſtrang
" contagion was a kind of Madneſs, i
" which the Patient was buſy'd with e
" ternal fever of the Mind, and Image
" extravagant—a malady of thought—
" a wild conception of delights, delu
" ſive as the Images of a delirium—a
" other times I looked upon it as a
" intoxication; a diſeaſe that drowns th
" Judgment, and benumbs the nerves—
" am I by nature blighted, miſhapen i
" form, and in my ſenſations untoned

" an

" and unharmonized?—I feel myſelf in
" no wiſe made deficient, Judgment rules
" my thoughts, and all my ſenſes own
" the ſame impulſe. as others of my Sex
" experience——Surely this deficiency
" is in the ſoul; for, by my Father's
" talk, it ſeems this Love is ſentiment,
" not mere ſenſation.—I cannot com-
" prehend it—to yield to conjectures is
" to lead to anxiety—but of ALCIRIS's
" father—if your experience ſhews, that
" Love's a tranſitory ſcene, of vague in-
" ſtable tranſports, and that wealth pro-
" cures a life-long Joy; wherefore do-
" you heſitate? you love your Son, and
" from parental principles, would ſave

" him from his follies—forbid his inter
" courſe with MARIANNE: I hate he
" haughtineſs and arrogance of Wi
" dom—A girl who thinks ſhe's pret
" will be diſagreeable and vain; b
" one who thinks ſhe is wiſe, will a
" ways render herſelf deteſtable—
" wake his mind from this Letharg
" Love, and baniſh the Viſions of I
" fatuation, give him new purſuits, a
" try if Love can battle Love: try
" ANNA's prudent years and wealt
" portion, with a parent's kind Co
" mands, will not move the Youth
" teſtify his Obedience and Jud
" ment."—

—The name of ANNA rous'd old CY-
ON's ear, there was muſic in her Por-
ion—he caſt up his Countenance and
grind a ſmile, glancing at JENNETA---
ooks of approbation over his ſpectacles
—"wherefore talkeſt thou of ANNA?"
ays the Sage.——

——"ANNA ſighs in vain for your
"ALCIRIS, but he derides her Paſſion
"—ſhe often tells me of his ſcorn in
"tears—you know her large eſtate—
"ſhe hath not yet attain'd her fortieth
"year—her form is comely, tho' not
"beautiful—her Education rural and
"domeſtic—her Acres ſpread the Val-
"ley with graſſy walks, for Pleaſure's

" ſteps—her golden furrows laugh with
" Opulence, and on her lap proſperity
" and Prudence have been foſter'd—
" unlike this MARIANNE——for ſhe is
" bred with notions arrogant and im-
" pious; and all your little wealth
" would ſquander to indulge her fol-
" lies."——

——A frown ſtood low'ring on OLD CYMON's brow—he ſighed—and from his murmurs no Articulation eſcaped, but juſt the name of Money.——

——" Extravagance would hold re-
" vels in the ſtores which your Induſtry
" gain'd, and a progeny of Beggars
" would enthral your Sons ſad ſteps."—

—OLD

——Old Cymon caſt an angry glance
owards Heaven, and knit his tuſks with
ehemence.——

——'For what are all the empty
tales, reap'd from the pens of Poets?
Viſions and drunken dreams which
conſtitute the Drama——vain tittle
tattle, fit only to become the conver-
ſation of thoſe who hold the hands of
Indolence—but Anna can adorn the
marriage Life with maxims pluck'd
from the pinions of Prudence and pro-
priety of Judgment, enſuring wealth,
with hand aſſiduous, and the meaſures
of frugality."——

The

The father claſping both his hands upon his breaſt, reply'd,—" I love my " Son—ſuch is the human Mind, that " if the Lad ſhould be reſtrain'd in this " his early paſſion, all the wealth that I " can give may but increaſe his wretch- " edneſs—Love ſometimes is ſo fickle, " that with indulgence, it grows lan- " guid, ſickens and dies; if Love is well " eſtabliſhed, if it depends not on out- " ward beauties, but is fed by excel- " lencies of the mind, and Virtue, " and is ſupported by pure Judgment " it will never be liable to extinction— " nay, there is even a bias of the Mind " which ariſes in Nature, and Nature " herſelf

"herſelf from Sympathy, influences
"man's heart —the common proverb
"is, that marriages are made in Hea-
"ven; implying, that our Love is in-
"voluntary—but how we, for the ſake
"of Prudence, may counteract this
"Paſſion? there is the rub!—by indul-
"gence, in a courſe of years, it may
"grow faint, but then becoming tem-
"perate, it may grow into an indiſſolu-
"ble Friendſhip——ſo was my Love of
"ELLEN——a friendſhip which, with
"mutual pleaſure flows, and all the
"meaſures of a mutual mind: Friend-
"ſhip on mutual offices and aids ſuſ-
"tain'd.---Perhaps my boy hath center'd

"all

" all his ſoul on this his choice, a
" ſhapes his happineſs from mutu
" Love and ſympathetic ſentiments
" we ſhould blight this bloſſom of l
" Life, the Plant would ſicken, wou
" untimely fade, and prematurely wit
" out fruit expire—for by reſiſtan
" Love like an impeded River gathe
" ſtrength, and grows impetuous; t
" banks at length are overflowed, t
" barriers broken down, and all becom
" a Deluge---his happineſs is all my a
" ---to purchaſe it, I gave my Life fo
" wealth, to purchaſe it, I will all m
" wealth reſign---thou art no Judg
" JENNETTA of his thoughts--for in h
" you

youth I gave him an Education, from whence manly judgment forms the maxims of his mind, above the bounds of our unletter'd ſentiments——for Learning pours into the human ſtores collected Laws for regulating Life--- from thence one mind attains the reaſonings of thouſands, is taught to judge from others Judgments, accumulates the experience of multitudes, and the examples of Ages, temperors its Wiſdom with the knowledge thered by Sages of all times---the M of Learning, tries Diſcretion in Exan ples Scale, and like the Bee which carries to his Hive the honey of each

" flower, his underſtanding is enrich'd
" from all the Science of the World."--

—JENNETTA, from impatiency, fa
knawing from her nails the bleedin
fleſh.---

——" ALCIRIS may diſcover in hi
" MARIANNE Virtues and Excellencie
" which lay conceal'd from vulgar eyes
" a treaſure for the enjoyment of hi
" Underſtanding—but the faireſt of th
" feminine accompliſhments, is VIRTUE
" —poſſeſſed of that"——

——" Poſſeſs'd of VIRTUE Father,"
interrupts the Maid with Vehemence
" Pray what is VIRTUE?——is it i
" CHASTITY alone, or in DISCRETION

" —perhap

—perhaps in neither can this Sorceress make boaſt, that ſhe poſſeſſeth VIRTUE!——the world is buſy'd with her Friendſhip for the gay OLISSUS—they meet, they walk, they hold their intercourſe in every Grove, and each ſequeſter'd bower—and what OLISSUS leaves, ALCIRIS takes——to a young man's mind, perhaps her Vices have allurements more infatuating than the pale fac'd VIRTUES; and SENSUALITY may faſcinate beyond pure LOVE---in caſe Diſcretion be the Characteriſtic or the Type of VIRTUE, 'tis not known to MARIANNE—for fam'd OLISSUS, full of opulence and arts polite, never

" bluſhes at the Title of Laſcivious
" and fam'd OLISSUS is the Devotee o
" MARIANNE—as the Sun and Moon a
" tend this Earth, OLISSUS and ALCIRI
" wait the Maid---OLISSUS like the da
" is all glowing rapture; ALCIRIS lik
" the cool and languid Moon, gazes
" lone upon the ſhadow'd ſide, whe
" all her imperfections lay enveil'd—
" Female VIRTUE gone, her place is foo
" occupied by craft and Treachery
" betray'd by Man, Man is a Woman
" prey, to gratify Revenge—and to a
" peaſe deſpoil'd Chaſtity, as is the f
" ſhion of the World, ſome cunnin
" Wedlock, muſt expunge the Stain."

Th

The Vices of OLISSUS, and the dark insinuations, inflame the Mother's Mind, where, in a ſtrain of Enthuſiaſm VIRTUE reign'd—ſhe glow'd with Vehemence and to the Sire ſuch arguments enforc'd, of laviſhing and Waſte. Intemperance and Pride, Inchaſtity and Vice, Ruin and Miſery, as overpower'd the old Man's Judgment, and Love for his ALCIRIS; and gave him back to AVARICE, and all her train of Images, unfeeling and unkind.

THURSDAY.

THURSDAY.

In LOVE's *Diſtreſs abounds.*

AT the accuſtom'd hour of Aſſignation, came ALCIRIS to the Vale to meet his MARIANNE; and true as Fidelity, the Maid his preſence waits—but, ah! his looks how chang'd—

—Wan wore his cheek, and dimly ſhone his eye through woe—his lip hung trembling on the long protracted kiſs, and ſighs diſturb'd his Speech.—

—MARIANNE

—MARIANNE affrighted, burſt into Tears, and in apprehenſion trembling, ſunk her head upon his Boſom—ſo the Narciſs when burthen'd with the ſhower, conceals her languid Countenance in dew, and bends her pale face to the Earth—they both forbore to ſpeak their ſentiments, and ſilence ſtood encumber'd with their woe—at length with ſmiles forc'd on the face of grief, as ſunſhine ſhed on rain, ALCIRIS to her anxious ear, the dread ſilence brake—

—"Let us, dear Maid, from theſe "love-haunted Walks retire with ſpeed, "for even theſe ſweet ſcenes are treach-"erous, and tell our intercourſe and

"mutual

"mutual vows—we'll ſeek the more ſe-
"queſter'd walks which ſkirt the river's
"brink; and there, from all the buſy
"world conceal'd, I'll tell thee ſuch a
"Tale, as rocks alone ſhould witneſs
"to, and Mountains ſhadow with their
"frowns"——

—through all the winding tracks they haſte, with ſilent ſteps they paſs the mazes of the Wood, and gain the ſolemn haunts, where Echo ſits lamenting o'er the never returning Stream, and repeats with ſighs the murmurs of the Water Nymph, whoſe love-ſick ſoul forlorn waſtes all its languiſhment on Faunus haunting green wood ſhades—cloſe by

the river's brink a ſandy plain, left by the Winter Torrents affords a narrow walk—the haſty river, hurry'd over rocks, with a hoarſe voice murmurs—the Cliffs are high and horrid which hem in the river's bounds, on whoſe black brows Hazels and Thorns with Heckberries in thickets throng'd, protect the precipice, and yield a ſolemn ſhade——the moſſy rocks with trilling ſtreams are wet, and melancholy ſeems to hold her moping meditations in their Cells—there the two Lovers ſtray'd—and there ALCIRIS told the ſorrowing MARIANNE the ſtory of his Miſery and Fears.

" Envy's eye hath overlook'd ou
" walks, and from JENNETTA's Lips
" our mutual Love is in piouſly tradu
" ced—ſhe in acts of Cruelty has joy
" and in diſſimulations arts, hath he
" perfections—my Father is a Man en
" ſlaved by AVARICE—the ſordid habi
" of his ſaving mind, have worn awa
" all ſentiments, but thoughts of gain—
" one only Paſſion is preſerv'd to ſav
" the univerſal wreck of all that that
" human in him—LOVE TO ME—tha
" love alone holds conflicts with his Co
" vetouſneſs—for me he quits his eſt
" mates of Gold, and I alone ſtand th
" competitor with Riches, in my Fa

" ther

ther's Judgment—my Mother yet of weaker mind, is yet more bigotted, and to the bitter drench adds ſuch ſuſpicions and ſuch Jealouſies, as only want of Judgment, could deviſe—to them, JENNETTA hath reveal'd our meetings and OUR MUTUAL LOVE."—

—"What eſtimation (interrupts the Maid) bear they of thy MARIANNE? —what value do they ſet upon her Virtues?—

—He ſigh'd—"Alas! with them her Virtues are deſpis'd—her fortune is the eſtimate they give into the wretched balance, where far outweigh'd by Lucre, the light beam is kick'd aloft,

" and gives thy Virtues only to the
" Skies."—

—" And of thy Love (ſays ſhe)
" are they inſenſible? againſt thy hap
" pineſs obdurate?—

—" My Father puts my filial Duty in
" Competition with my Love,—he mea
" ſures happineſs by Hundreds, and by
" wealth—his tenderneſs is ſap'd by
" treachery, and JENNETTA hath de
" poil'd ALCIRIS of a father's Love."—

—" I tremble with the apprehenſion
" of my Fate (the Maid replies)—
" then our intercourſe forbidden?"—

—" Alas! my MARIANNE, (anſwer
" ALCIRIS dropping a tear) perhaps thi
" nigh

night ſhall prove our Severance ſo
Years."——

——The Maid affrighted, on her qui-
vering knees, ſcarce for a moment was
ſupported——down ſhe ſunk from her
ALCIRIS's Arm, on the ſand her lovely
Viſage droop'd as ſhe ſhed a flood of
Tears—ALCIRIS bending on his knee,
reliev'd the fair one, and ſuſtain'd her
pale cheek on his throbbing Boſom—
grief choak'd her Words, and deep deſ-
pair heav'd her afflicted heart—ALCIRIS
in his ſoul experienc'd a Woe moſt ex-
quiſite; for the idea of the hated ANNA,
preſent to his mind, was undiſcover'd to
his MARIANNE: in his heart the conflict

betwixt

betwixt LOVE AND DUTY wag'd, and
ſtir'd up wild confuſion in his Brain.

"——Alas! ſhe cries, What is the
"Wretchedneſs that ſhall beſet my Or-
"phan ſteps?——I had already given to
"my ſoul, conſolotary hopes, ſuſtaining
"them on thee."—

—"How heavy are the troubles of
"my Mind (reply'd ALCIRIS)—Amidſt
"this ſcene of FILIAL DUTY, enforc'd
"by all that is religious in my Princi-
"ples, by Gratitude, by early bred Af-
"fection, what meaſures can ALCIRIS
"move in?—

"——SUSTAIN THY VIRTUE (inter-
"rupted MARIANNE) tho' I am yielded
"to

"to a deſolate Eſtate—for even MARI-
"ANNE could look upon ALCIRIS with
"diſdain, if paſſion ſhould diveſt him of
"his Duty, and take away his principles
"of Honour——amidſt the ſorrows of
"Life, I could adore thee, beaming with
"thy RECTITUDE OF MANNERS—but in
"thy Errors, even thy beloved boſom,
"could not ſooth my Condemnations
"and my Grief, for thy miſconduct—
"No! I love ALCIRIS with ſuch puri-
"ty of paſſion, that ſever'd from thee,
"by propriety of Duty, I could love
"thee, for ever—but given to thee by
"thy DISOBEDIENCE, my approbation,
"raviſh'd by the Thief that ſtole thy

"Honour,

" Honour, would leave the fruits o
" Love, blighted and deſpoil'd.—
" ——Whilſt thus thou wouldſt pe
" ſuade me (ſays ALCIRIS) to forſak
" thee, thou bind'ſt the Fetters with a
" Adamantine Rivet; and makes m
" Admiration gather Strength from e
" cellencies which Adverſity hath give
" Exiſtence to—No; MARIANNE, I wi
" not leave thee!"——
——" And wilt thou leave thy Duty
" ——(ſhe replies) thou, who taſtes rel
" gious Senſe of filial Virtues---the lu
" ty of a Child is an implicit Obedien
" to a parents will——by birth our S
" vereigns, we by birth their Subjec
" un

unto Death—next to the Deity we owe existence to them; and for their tender Care, parental aſſiduity and Love, over our Infant ſtate, what Compenſation can our Gratitude and Duty make?—what are the Sorrows which a Sire ſuſtains, in the unnatural wand'rings of his Child, from his Commands? which, by the Laws of Nature, and of God, are Ordonances not to be eluded or oppoſed.—I cannot feel the Sorrows—all my thoughts are not ſo powerful as to collect ſad Images enough to give Imagination half their horrors—often amongſt inferior Animals, I have view'd with tears,

" an Image of this ſad Eſtate; and oft
" as I obſerv'd it, cry'd aloud, wh
" then muſt be the Parents Lot, w
" ſees her human race undutiful?"—
—" Give me thy ſentiments (ſays h
" in all their Energy, thy Images in
" their force; that even againſt th
" Strength, I yet may ſtrengthen my
" termined Choice."—

With a ſigh ſhe thus deliver'd her
Simile.—" Often I perceiv'd the Pare
Hen, lead forth her infant brood
Ducklings, nouriſh'd by her aſſidu
" and Care; and as ſhe call'd her wa
" ward flock, with wond'ring Eye
" ſto

" ſtood and gazed upon the negroe race;
" expreſſing, in her looks, maternal diſ-
" appointment and diſtreſs, that ſhe
" ſhould foſter ſuch a monſtrous tribe,
" who ſhew'd their diſobedience in their
" earlieſt age—and when in bold defiance
" of her Voice, they haſten'd to the
" neighbouring Pools and Ponds; with
" plumes diſorder'd, and with drooping
" Wings bemired, in ſtrange diſtraction
" round ſhe ran, and call'd to them
" aloud, and wail'd the dangers which
" their wilful Natures tempted—then
" on ſome eminence ſhe ſtood, the Image
" of Deſpair, and ſaw them lave the
" Stream: with head projected, hanging

" Pinions quivering with Agony o
" mind, feathers with fright erect, and
" Eye enflamed in Wrath, ſhe breath'd
" out her Condemnations—the direful
" ſemblance of a deſpairing Parent, who
" in broken heartedneſs beholds a ſinful
" race of diſobedient Children, unnatural
" in their Crimes."—

——ALCIRIS thus reply'd—" From
" your Examples I new Arguments de-
" rive to aid my fix'd reſolves—I own
" the Image ſtriking—but reflect that
" this maternal bird, was giving Law
" unnatural to her brood, and from her
" own improper Judgment, ſhe derived
" her own diſtreſs—ſo Nature hath no
" given

"given to mankind Authority to chain
"the marriage Choice—'tis Nature's
"Work, from Sympathy derived—an
"influence which Nature throws through
"all exiſtence; an involuntary impulſe,
"an attraction irreſiſtable—but further
"in thy Images I read, that Children
"may poſſeſs ſuperior powers, and ex-
"cellences unknown unto their Parents
"—for the Ducks enjoy'd amphibious
"Nature; Earth or Water were alike
"to them, the Elements for their Exiſt-
"ence—and what is duty when it ſhould
"reſtrain the bounteous Gifts of Provi-
"dence? and what is diſobedience, when
"it is the exerciſe of Powers by Parents
"unexperienced,

" unexperienced, of which their Judg
" ment is not competent from want o
" knowledge and from Ignorance, taſt
" ing deſpair?"——

—" What doth ALCIRIS mean? (cri
" ſhe)—amidſt the pureſt Love, I trem
" ble at the very ſentiments which flat
" ter my flame."—

——" And is my MARIANNE ſo ver
" cool (ALCIRIS interrupted with a ſigh
" —Can my deluded heart have bee
" miſtaken in its views of happineſs? o
" was my Paſſion blinded by its energy
" ſo that it could not decern, that col
" indifference had poſſeſſion of thy Hear
" —nay, ſtart not MARIANNE, yet I wi

" n

"not doubt thy Love——my ſoul is
"full of Confidence, tho' full of grief:
"yeſterday my cruel parents laid in-
"junctions on their Son, to quit thy
"Arms for ever."——

The Maid affrighted, ſtarted from his ſide—

——"To quit my MARIANNE, and
"by the Wealth of ANNA to increaſe my
"Father's Avarice, from bands unhal-
"low'd, and a hateful Marriage."—

With extended hands—with trembling knees—with Countenance of Beauty in diſtraction, ſtood the Fair one, growing into Madneſs.—

—"Ye

——" Ye cruel ſtars, ſhe cries, y
" fates preſiding on the hour of my N
" tivity; you mark'd me out for Wretc
" edneſs and Woe——rob'd of my F
" ther in my infancy—portion'd with l
" tle more than ſtern neceſſity, ye bligh
" ed me, e'en in the bud of Life; a
" mark'd my years with Sorrow, a
" progreſſive Miſeries."——

—ALCIRIS full of pity, full of Lov
with open Arms ruſhed upon the Mai
and claſp'd her to his Boſom.—

——" No, my MARIANNE, I ſtill w
" ſave thee, ſtill will be thy Shephe
" and protect my Orphan from
" wretchedneſs to come: thy ALCI
" w

" will ſupport, all that is laudable in
" Duty—for tho' I marry not my MA-
" RIANNE, yet to theſe Arms ſhall ANNA
" never come—perhaps relenting rigour
" may conſent to give me back my hap-
" pineſs · and thee—perhaps elapting
" time may touch their hearts—but time
" and ſtern command, obduracy of
" power, and will grown obſtinate, ſhall
" never change my Love, ſhall never
" ſever me from this fidelity, ſhall ne-
" ver ſhake my Vows—for as the God
" who gave us mutual Love, firſt form-
" ed our ſympathetic Hearts, conform'd
" our Natures paſſions, Diſpoſitions and
" Affections, he will delight in Vows

" born of the feelings which he hath i
" ſpir'd; and Angels will record the
" in the book of Approbation—in t
" tremendous preſence, Lord, I ſwea
" that only death ſhall ſever us."—

——As on his knee, he breath'd t
Vow; ſhe on her knee repeated, th
only Death ſhould ſever them.—

—Sinking into each other's Arm
they wept aloud.——

——Amidſt their Wretchedneſs, b
hold JANNETTA lurking in the rock
impatient of the ſcene, diſcover'd her ma
licious Countenance—ALCIRIS met he
frowns with ſteadineſs; but MARIANN
lik

like SORROW, ſtruck with ſudden terror, ſtood the Statue of DISCONSOLATION.—

Invectives teinted each expreſſion of JENNETTA's lips—ſhe with ALCIRIS moved towards OLD CYMON's COPSE, whilſt MARIANNE ſtood fix'd in ſilent Miſery.—

At EMMA's COTTAGE ſat the gay OLISSUS, and watch'd the ſlow return of MARIANNE—with EMMA, thus conversing——

——"Long I had felt this paſſion for "your Daughter—the flame defy'd reſiſt-"ance—as I ſtrove to conquer Love, "his conqueſt ſtill improv'd—defiance "was impoſſible—I found myſelf a Slave

" to Beauty—to you I ſupplicate—you
" mediation is my Hope—without her
" am wretched."—

—" Conſider, Sir, (Sage EMMA cry'd,
" the vaſt diſparity between your For-
" tunes—the World with Men of wealth
" is to be ſerv'd; and approbation from
" Mankind, is half a rich Man's happi-
" neſs—the World deſpiſes VIRTUE, in
" the garb of POVERTY—the world
" would ſcoff at improprieties in Wed-
" lock, ſuch as theſe—and what was
" due to great OLISSUS's wife, would be-
" come ridicule for MARIANNE—ſuch
" marriage, Sir, would bring upon you
" Scorn from equals, and from inferiors

" —ſtrange

"strange impertinence and Laughter
"—FELICITY is born of tranquil Pa-
"rents, VIRTUE and CONSCIOUS RECTI-
"TUDE OF MATTERS—but POMP AND
"FASHION, VANITY AND CUSTOM, are
"the MAIDS who trim the modern nup-
"tial Couch, and ſtrew the Pillows
"with the poiſons of the World—LOVE
"may unlooſe the wedding Girdle; but
"after him comes ſtale SATIETY; and
"if his ſteps ſtray unſupported by the
"GRACES, the ſcene of WEDLOCK is a
"ſcene of WOE."——

—"Wherefore ſo much of WED-
"LOCK?——(he interrupts)

——"So much of Wedlock, (Sir,
"cries

" cries ſhe) good Heaven forbid, that yo
" could think of MARIANNE, on an
" other Terms!——do you reproach u
" with our poverty, and think that wan
" of wealth, brings with it want of Ho
" nour?—do you conceive that in thi
" ſtate forlorn, in which a Mother
" gifts have only been her admonition
" and her tenderneſs, that MARIANN
" amidſt her poverty, hath not endow'
" her Soul with RICHES, far above th
" ruſt of this vain World; and treaſure
" up a portion in the Heavens, a wealt
" of VIRTUE AND RELIGION.—

——" Stay EMMA, ſtay, (he eagerl
" replies) brand me not with a thought
" tha

"that I could wiſh her Infamy, or dared
"project her ruin—but yet your pictur-
"ing of married Life, brought back
"upon me all the Arguments, which I
"had conquer'd, and o'er which I tri-
"umph'd—all that was wanting to con-
"firm my reſolution, was the hiſtory of,
"who and what you are?—my Love
"and honourable principles excuſe this
"promptitude, which, in an other mat-
"ter, might bear the likeneſs of imper-
"tinence."——

—"The Hiſtory of what we are (ſays
"EMMA, caſting her Eyes to Heaven in
"memory of him departed) is dolorous
"to reſollection—the ſcenes which this

"inquiry

" inquiry muſt revive, are miſeries to b
" renew'd upon my ſorrowing Soul—bu
" what we were, ſtill worſe—Thro' po
" verty I hid my MARIANNE, in th
" ſequeſter'd Dale, far from her nativ
" Land; and with her, hid her Nam
" —her Anceſtors were Men of Wealth
" her father was by fate decreed to b
" unfortunate."—

—" Whence was the fair one brough
" (cried OLISSUS) and what her name—
" my Love's impatiency brooks no d
" lay—I long to raviſh the wiſh'd f
" hiſtory, and prove her birth is not b
" neath her Fortune, which I offer f
" her Love."

—"

—"In SURRY the Maid was born (re-
"ply'd the Matron—her Anceſtors De-
"meſnes were large—her Father's fami-
"ly of great Antiquity, and in the walks
"of Honour their Atchievements had
"acquired them an immortal fame—her
"Father was a Soldier—a gallant Man,
"who, full of Valour, full of Wounds,
"deſcended to the Grave, mark'd only
"by ADVERSITY."—

—OLISSUS ſeem'd to feel the Hiſtory,
a ſenſibility was viſible upon him, more
than the common incidents could move;
as if touch'd by recollection of ſome
nearer ſubject—ſilent, and in himſelf ab-

ſolv'd he ſat; and as he meditated, Tear
ſtood in his Eye.——

EMMA ceaſed her Story for ſome mo
ments, e're OLISSUS rous'd attention t
entreat her to proceed.——

——"My MARIANNE's name is RAIL-
"TON."——

——Startled at the Voice, as if an An
gel call'd OLISSUS from the Clouds, h
aroſe up in haſte---"her name is RAIL-
"TON (interrupting)----Oh! Heavens,
"what is it ye decree for your OLISSUS?
"—but pardon me, kind EMMA, I bluſh
"for my extravagance---the name is no
"uncommon------I had yielded my
"Mind

"Mind to Images and wild Ideas, which "wound me up to phrenzy——I know "a multitude of Families of the like "name—Love is extravagant, and dreams "of miracles—I had imprudently given "way to ſtrange infatuations; and con-"ceiv'd that MARIANNE, was of a Race "of RAILTON's, which put a total bar "to all my hopes, and bid my Love "deſpair——a race with whom I could "not intermarry."——

(E)—"A SURRY family was that?"—

(O)—"Of Surry, EMMA."——

(E)—"Alas, my MARIANNE!—her "father was a Soldier."——

(O) —"A Circumſtance not quite
"fortunate."—

(E) —"His name AMINTOR."—

(O) —"Aſtoniſhment ſtill grows up
"on me—where it will end, the Ey
"of Providence alone forcſees."—

(E) —"I was the daughter of an ho
"neſt Merchant."—

(O) —"A melancholy confirmatio
"of my dread."—

(E) —"AMINTOR's Father in Kin
"Charles's reign, being an unfortunat
"Partizan, his great poſſeſſions were de
"poil'd and waſted: and with a numer
"ous family—alas!—AMINTOR fell."—

(O) —"Oh! EMMA—Oh! my hear

—"truth

—"truth beams in every ſentence, and "I am raviſh'd from my MARIANNE by "interfering fate."——

Poor EMMA of her hopes bereft was drown'd in Tears—immoveable, OLISSUS ſtood with folded Arms, revolving o'er the Tale in Sighs.——

Thus OLISSUS addreſs'd the wond'ring Matron.

—"Oh! gracious Matron, I revere "thy VIRTUES, and I feel thy Griefs! "feel them as mine—my friendſhip you "command——and though the Will of "Heaven is ſuch, as robs my Bed of "MARIANNE; yet Heaven ordains that "I relieve her Sorrows."——

—"Deſpond

——" Deſpond not EMMA; for befo
" it's long, I'll bring to thee a Com
" forter; whoſe ſaving hand, ſhall ſnatc
" fair MARIANNE from Poverty an
" Care: Shall ſet her Virtues forth, t
" beam in Life conſpicuous, and ſhew he
" Honours to the wond'ring World."

OLISSUS with the Voice of Conſola
tion, ſooth'd poor EMMA's ſoul.

FRIDAY

FRIDAY.

In TEARS *conſumes the* DAY.

THE MORNING linger'd in the Gloom—the heavy Sky rent with the rough Winds raked the Mountains brow——the Clouds drag'd their ragged skirts along the dark Heath——mirkey rain beat up the Vale——day-break was hid behind the driving Vapours—— when the Sun ſurmounted the dull Horizon, from his enflam'd Countenance, the

Clouds

Clouds were lined with Crimſon—up t
vault of Heaven, far ſtretching bea
of light in ſcarlet Streaks burſt throu
the broken Curtains of the Morn, a
ſhed upon the ruffled Atmoſphere
angry glow, like Etna's Flames refra
ted on Sicilian Skies at Midnight—t
dreary day advanced drench'd in hea
ſhowers, and diſtant thunders, told th
the Elements in Conflict, waged t
Battle, weaponed with fire——the Gloo
involved Old EMMA's COTT, where pe
ſive MARIANNE, with wringing han
and ſad deſpondency, ſat ſighing o'er h
hapleſs Love, and her precarious Fo
tunes——the miſtick promiſes OLRSS
ga

ave, bewilder'd Hope, and all her Hearts ambition ſtood in Wiſhes, that Wealth was her's to gain her loved Alciris——Often as ſhe ſat, ſhe gave the Wings of Hope to Fancy, and conceived that ſome rich Chance was in the hand of Heaven decreed for her—with beating heart and expanded breaſt, ſhe fancy'd herſelf already bearing tidings of ſuch her happy fortune to Alciris; and fond Imagination pictured his ſurprize, his wonder and his raptures: whilſt love exulting in her boſom, in acts of ſuch benevolence, gave her extacy—but ſoon the bubble, painted with its ſunſhine beauties burſt, and gave her

back to Tears renew'd, and conſcio
neſs of her Calamities——

——the dark day, to the miſera
Mind, increaſed its gloomy Images
the Spinning Wheel on which OLD E
MA toil'd, with melancholy hum, foun
ed Eligiac Notes—the Cricket chirp
upon the Hearth—the diſconcerted C
with mewing, ſung the Song of reſtl
neſs—the Wind thro' Crannies mourn
—the Rain upon the Windows ſtream
—the dripping thatch with heavy dro
the Channels fill'd, and with inceſſa
daſhing tired the Ear.——the mopi
fowls with wat'ry feathers crept beneat
the Cart—the harſh voiced Hog lamente

unremitting Latch that bar'd him om the Stye—the bleating Sheep re- ed to rocks and ſhelves, the Cattle ught the ſhed—all Nature wore a loom, as if the hapleſs Lot of MARI- NE had moved her to lament.—

—For at old CYMON's Copſe, Diſtreſs d taken up her reſidence, and gave a rth to Sorrows, yet unfancy'd by the ve-ſick Soul of EMMA's Daughter.—

—JENNETTA all unfeeling, inhumane, d vengeful, to her parents told the cene, to which ſhe had been preſent; nd pictured to their inflamed minds, he want of duty in ALCIRIS, and his edfaſt Vows.

Enraged IGNORANCE is unremitting
for of Ignorance, ſtern OBSTINACY h
her Pedigree—with Oaths and Impre
tions CYMON vow'd ALCIRIS ſhould
diſinherited, ſent abroad a beggar, a
never more ſhould ſee his face, if
ſhould look again on MARIANNE—t
the meagre Mother, like the figure of i
luck, on trembling legs ſhaken with pa
ſion, with uplifted hands, blaſphemi
God with moſt impious Vows, co
firm'd the dread decree——whilſt o
JENNETTA'S Countenance ſat helli
ſmiles, as with malicious Eye ſhe view
the paſſions which ſtamp'd ALCIRIS fe
tures with deſpair.——

ALCIRI

ALCIRIS overwhelm'd with grief, bent down his knee to ſupplicate for Pity—— but as he kneel'd, his agitated heart, as if with tumult overcome, choak'd his Expreſſions with its throws; and from his mouth, and ſwollen features, flow'd a torrent of Blood, ſuch as a burſting heart might be conceiv'd to ſend from bleeding Arteries.——

— A while the Vehemence of Wrath extinguiſh'd apprehenſion, and the unfeeling Spectators, look'd on and laugh'd; and talk'd of diſappointed Love with ridicule and Scorn—but ſtill ALCIRIS bled.

The Spectacle grew ſerious——the youth exhauſted, fainted——Affection

in

the Father's heart was ſeized with the alarm, and fear for his ALCIRIS's ſafety grew upon his ſoft'ning Soul.—

——Within ſome little diſtance lived the PRIEST, whoſe benevolent mind had bent its ſtudies, on the Art of Surgery, and knew the phyſic of ſome ſalutary Simples; which, to the Cottagers with religious Love, he was known aſſiduouſly to miniſter—to him affrighted CYMON ſent for Aid.——

In holy ANTHONY a thouſand Virtues dwelt——Old Age had grown upon his Steps, within his little Chapelry; for VIRTUE was his only friend: all his ex-

cellencies

cellencies could not purchaſe his pro-
motion—with acts of Benevolence his
days were fill'd—with Love and Ho-
nour were his days enrich'd.—In holy
office from his Piety he was revered;
and as exemplary was his Life, ſo was
his life ineſtimable to his Pariſhioners—
with him they pray'd with fervour; and
when he preached, his Doctrine was be-
lieved, and Admonitions prais'd, tho'
ſometimes paſt unproſecuted—his ſcanty
income ſcarce ſuſtain'd him with the
hand of Comfort; and yet for Charity
he had a multitude of Gifts—he viſited
the Sick, their Spirit's Doctor, and their
Malady's Phyſician: and often was he

ſeen

ſeen to cloath NECESSITY with his ow
Coat, and with unſhod feet return fro
the Steps of Miſery reliev'd---ſuch w
the godly ANTHONY.---

He came---he took the tremblin
hand of languiſhing ALCIRIS---he aſk
his Pain---he touch'd the throbbi
Artery---he ſunk his head, and ſigh'd

JENNETTA harden'd with malevolen
and unſuſceptable of Love, eſteem'd h
Brother's Malady was all Hypocriſy; a
artful guiſe, to cheat his parents in
falſe Compaſſion, and to procure th
purpoſe to relent——but when the Ho
Father, from a ſlow and ſolemn Voi

declar

declared a raging Fever had beſet ALCIRIS's frame, the Cottagers ſtood mute, as Images upon the cloiſter'd Walls, adown whoſe ſtoney faces cold Sweats trill.——

Then ANTHONY e'er he preſcrib'd his Medicines, required the circumſtances which brought on the Malady——ALCIRIS to his queſtions, reply'd with Sighs and Tears, with Sobbings from his ſickening heart—

—the melancholy narrative, from confuſion and prevarication given, gave ANTHONY an apprehenſion that of diſappointed Love, all his diſeaſe was born

—he bent him o'er ALCIRIS bed, and gain'd the Secret from his ſorrowing Lips.——

——Thus the good Man to weeping CYMON ſpake.——

——"Unhappy CYMON, all thy days "have been a toil for Gain; and what "hath all thy Induſtry procured; a maſs "of mouldy Ore, and with it a dying "Son——thy Avarice hath fill'd thy "Soul with Poiſon, and thou has be"come inhuman—a Parent without Pity "for his Child, a Parent for his wealth "forſaking Nature and become a Savage "—oft I've heard thee ſay, that all thy "hopes on Earth were center'd in thy

"Son'

"Son's felicity; and all thy Joys were
"wrap'd up in the Lad's well-doing—
"but thy miſtaken Judgment reſted all
"its Eſtimates on Wealth—WEALTH,
"TITLES, HONORS, give not happineſs;
"for Happineſs depends upon the Mind
"—AMBITION is the rankeſt Weed that
"ſprings within the Field of human
"Life: as Night-ſhade noxious—AM-
"BITIONS wiſhes are inſatiable; they
"overlook what's in poſſeſſion, and give
"a ten-fold Eſtimate on things purſued:
"—FELICITY is foſter'd by CONTENT,
"preſcribed by narrow bounds, re-
"ſtrain'd within the Fence of PRUDENCE,
"and ſuſtain'd by WISDOM—the Value

"of all earthly Riches in their Uſe—
"your Son had placed his View of Hap
"pineſs on other Objects than on Opu
"lence; his ſoul was readily reſigned t
"MODERATION in this World's wealth
"his heart was fix'd upon a Maid, whoſe
"Education hath endow'd her Mind
"with knowledge, Prudence, and Pro-
"priety—whoſe VIRTUES are a luſtre to
"her Sex."—

—Old CYMON gazed on ELLEN.—

—"Whoſe form is beautiful—whoſe
"manners are ſimple as rural Life, yet
"full of Elegance—deſcended of a Fa-
"mily of Honour."—

—JENNETTA ſat impatiently.—

—"Unfortunate

—"Unfortunate 'tis true; but tho' "unfortunate, she is humble and re- "signed——Of her the Sex may form "their models for procuring Praise—Of "her the Sex may make their imitations "honourable."—

MALICE lighted up an ugly sneer, which stood awry on JENNET's looks.—

—"With her, ALEIRIS saw that Hap- "piness depended on the social Joys of "domestic Harmony——a Friend,——a "Councellor——a Comforter and Wife, "blended by Love, united in one Per- "son—Happiness hath few demands for "earthly riches; for Necessity is all that

"craves

" craves their ſuſtenance—Hard-hearte
" Man—Obdurate ELLEN—unmedia
" ing JENNET—could not thy female So
" touched with a Siſter's Love, ple
" for thy Brother's life? for life w
" in it—could not thy phraſe be ſhap
" by pity into Mediation; to ſoften
" thy prayers, thy wrathful parents
" couldſt thou not feal a ſympathy
" Lovers, to ſooth the ſorrows of th
" fearful thoughts; and interpoſe
" tween thy unapproving SIRE, and
" ALCIRIS?——

The Youth made efforts to expreſs
Woes—the Prieſt attentive catch'd
fault'ring accents.——

—" Al

—" Alas! JENNETTA wrought my
" misery—traduced my MARIANNE—im-
" bitter'd the wrath of my Parents, and
" gave to Avarice the dreads of diſſipa-
" tion—my Father laid injunctions on
" his Son—to MARIANNE I bid adieu—
" my heart was her's, and with the ſtream
" of life my paſſion flow'd; and as they
" flow'd united—I find the hand of
" Death arreſts me—but I die in Du-
" ty."—

The conſcious Wretch ſat crouching
on the Hearth, confounding her defor-
mities, her boſom heav'd a ſigh, born
from diſappointment, not compunction:

for

for ſhe had vow'd that ANNA ſhould e
pouſe ALCIRIS.——

CYMON was touch'd with Pity—E
LEN wept aloud.

ALCIRIS faintly cries, "My paren
"tears afflict my fainting Soul, for fro
"their obſtinate reſolves, Fate wre
"their Son——Tears born of conſciou
"errors—Errors which Conſcience wi
"perpetuate, and when the green gra
"ſhall have hid my Grave, the ſad e
"iſting Image of ALCIRIS, ſhall li
"upon their Memory: and Memo
"ſhall tell them, that their Cruelty ſle
"me for AVARICE; whilſt time ſha

"o

"on the records of the World, inſcribe "the Tale of my Obedience, together "with my Fate."——

CYMON drew near the bed and wept.——"Hapleſs Old Man, thou ſhalt "behold the deteſtation which the God "of Mercies bears, to idolized wealth—"the Cares of Covetouſneſs ſhall be con-"founded—thou haſt hoarded for thy "Son, and death ſhall bring confuſion "to thy Wiſdom, and diſappointments "to thy Wiſh—for thy ALCIRIS goeth "hence, where Gold ſhall loſe its Eſti-"mates, and where the Moth ſhall not "have power upon the Wardrobe of "Felicity."——

CYMON took ALCIRIS's hand which burnt with fever, preſs'd it with a kiſs and bent upon it with a Groan.—

—"Is there, cries he, no hope?—
"Is death ſo haſty?—Can we not eaſe
"thy ſorrows, and relieve thy pains?—
"Hath my ALCIRIS any wiſh, his father
"can indulge?—Shall my dear Son de-
"part, and from his dying lips breath
"condemnation on his miſerable Pa-
"rent?—Oh! hapleſs fate of AVARICE
"—men hoard up wealth, but know
"not who the will of Heaven appoints
"Inheriters—I ſaved for happineſs to
"thee, and purchaſed thy Sorrow—
"Fate gives the gains to JEWRET—and
"fate

"fate hath mark'd her as a Monument "to reprimand Man's impious and er- "roneous purpoſes—with thee, my Son, "the name of WRIGHTSON, which I "would perpetuate and enrich, is loſt "for ever."——

The view of riches to JENNETTA's mind gave Conſolation for a Brother's death.——

——"If you would bleſs ALCIRIS's "parting Soul, (cries he with a fault'r- "ing voice), let me once more behold "my MARIANNE, my fainting Eyes "would gladden at the View.—

——"Shall MARIANNE approach theſe

" doors JENNETTA interrupted; ſhe who
" hath wrought our Miſery and Tears—
" ſhe who hath rob'd my Parents of their
" happineſs——ſhe who hath lured AL-
" CIRIS's ſoul from his Obedience, and
" faſcinating with her helliſh Charms,
" hath given her beauty triumph in his
" Woes—ſhe hath the powers of Witch-
" craft, and conceals her vices and her
" infamy with Wiles—If MARIANNE is
" here, JENNETTA muſt depart.—

——" Cruel JENNETTA, with a voice
" almoſt extinct (ALCIRIS ſays) will not
" my Death be Sacrifice enough to your
" inveteracy; but you would ſend my
" Soul into Eternity, without one earth-

" ly

"ly conſolation to calm the hour of "Death?—

The PRIEST with ſorrow and ſurprize, ook as he gazed upon the Woman, nd cold ſweat ſtood upon his brow from eteſtation and abhorrence.——

CYMON ſupporting ELLEN on his Arm, ood trembling, like wither'd leaves, oved by November's blaſts.

—"'Tis all an Artifice, JENNETTA, "quick replies—'tis all a plot to terrify "my father from his purpoſes, and "working on his paſſions and his Love, "with fictious Malady and feign'd diſ-"treſs; to gain his MARIANNE——to

"gain

" gain from his relenting Parents thei
" conſent, that his infatuations and hi
" feelings, inordinate and wild, ma
" gain their Gratification——impoſſibl
" that ſuch a thing as Love, could wor
" ſuch tumults in the human frame
" pervert the reaſon of the Mind, be
" tray the principles from honour an
" Obedience; and full of vehemenc
" like Madneſs bound in Chains, brin
" on Extravagance of Paſſion, burſtin
" blood-veſſels, and deſtroying all th
" frames œconomy with fever and di
" traction——this muſt be Witchcra
" ——Emma old in Sin, and with t
" Devil holding her Commune, ha

" pow

"power upon the Man—ſure they ſuſ-
"tain them by their Sorcery——their
"Poverty is wretched—and Witches we
"have heard, have fill'd deſpighted In-
"fants full of Pins——have given the
"malice marked Maid to languiſh—the
"Youth to rave——the Herds in mur-
"rain ſlain——the Flocks with rotten-
"neſs——the Winds have rent the roofs
"of Cottages, and let in torturing
"Sprights—the Rivulets have ſhriek'd,
"and flow'd with ſheets of flame: and
"miſchief hath prevail'd againſt the Pea-
"ſants prayers——Spectres have ſet the
"Shepherds hair upright, and rattling
"Pewter and diſturbed Chains, have
"terrified

" terrified the Villagers for many
" Night."——

ALCIRIS lifting up his trembling ha
and tear-fill'd Eye, ſent up his though
to Heaven, breath'd on a Sigh.

Alarmed with JENNETTA's talk, o
ELLEN gaped with fright, and Ign
rance glared in her open Eye——CYMO
diſapproving of her cruel talk, turne
his face away.——

The pious ANTHONY could not endu
the ſlanderous Tale; but interruptin
JENNET, thus rebuked her.——

"If JENNET know not what is Love,
"ſhe ought not to condemn that which
"ſhe cannot judge of—ſure tho' her
"form was molden in the hands of ſad
"miſchance, and Nature with ſuch Na-
"gligence, had her exiſtence given; I
"ſhould have thought the Organs of
"her ſenſe, might have afforded paſſage
"to her ſoul, for feelings ſuch as hu-
"man Creatures have in common—but
"as in outward form diſtorted, ſo in
"her inward make, her ſoul is occupied
"in Organs as deformed, denying an
"Exiſtence to the heart-felt ſympa-
"thizings of Humanity, to tender-eyed
"Compaſſion, to Charity of open Soul,

" to ſiſterly Affection—for to an Enem
" none but Savages deny the Conſola
" tions craved by dying Men—to ſup
" port her cruelty, ſhe treſpaſſes upo
" the dark credulity of her infatuate
" Parents with untruths: and to inſti
" gate their Minds to hatred, doth tra
" duce the faireſt Characters with foule
" Crimes—if there is Witchcraft in ſu
" perior VIRTUES? EMMA owns th
" Charge—if there is Sorcery in WIS
" DOM? if there is Sin in PRUDENCE? i
" there are Crimes in PATIENCE, and i
" RESIGNATION? EMMA is guilty—a
" way JENNETTA with ſuch Sins as the
" —the Eye of Heaven is on thee—th

" brother

"brother's Soul is now required of him;
"and his Condemnations will e'er long,
"touch ſorrowing Seraphs and the Ear
"of Judgment—tremble JENNETTA for
"the wrath to come."—

JENNETTA's Countenance was red with Wrath; and nothing but the ſacred character of ANTHONY ſecured him from her Violence.——

——"AVARICE is blind as MALICE.
"JENNETTA ſays, that MARIANNE is
"poor—true, ſhe in Infancy had taſted
"of Adverſity's imbitter'd Cup—but
"God regards the virtuous—the ways
"of Providence are to the human Mind

" unſearchable: and in Heaven's good
" time, its wondrous works are brought
" to paſs—for hitherto the name of
" EMMA, her family and fortunes were
" unknown—diſcoveries fair dawn ap-
" pears, and opens out proſperities
" bright day to MARIANNE—for ſhe per-
" haps, before this hour is paſs'd, will be
" as ſuperior to CYMON's ſon, in wealth;
" as CYMON's Son was eſtimated to ex-
" ceed poor EMMA's daughter."—

Amazement gather'd on the face of CYMON, and ELLEN's bowels yearn'd.—

——" For e'er I heard of your AL-
" CIRIS's woe, OLISSUS, Lord of theſe
" Demeſnes,

Demeſnes, was with me in my Church-yard walking thro' the Yews."

"JENNETTA with a ſneer exclaims, and ſhe will wed OLISSUS."—

—"Pray reſtrain thy envy JENNET, (ſays the Prieſt) OLISSUS loves the Maid; but in her hiſtory he hath acquired ſome ſecret which prevents his Wiſh for Wedlock."—

—"Her Vices" (JENNET cries.)—

Deep ſigh'd ALCIRIS, uneaſy turn'd on his bed, and wept. CYMON impatient of the Tale, preſaged a wealthy Life would ſave ALCIRIS.—

Good

Good ANTHONY, tho' arm'd wit
patience and the Chriſtian Virtues, ex
claims,—" Thou Serpent get thee fort
"—thy hiſs hath poiſon in it for th
" Soul—no CYMON, no ALCIRIS, fa
" MARIANNE hath not a ſtain upon he
" PRUDENCE, or a ſhade to caſt upo
" her VIRTUE—OLISSUS is a Man di
" creet, and with precaution makes re
" ſolves—he whiſpered to me, no on
" knows this Maid, but I—and to re
" veal a ſecret to her Ear of ſuch im
" portance, calls upon the inceſt Judg
" ment and the greateſt Care—I kno
" her family—I know her fortunes—
" hea
—I——

"hear ſhe loves a Swain of low eſtate;
"and I will make them wealthy."—
As if an Oracle had touch'd the Ear
of ſome ambitious Devotee, and with
the fall of Empires, flatter'd his deſire,
ood CYMON ſtooping on his half-bent
nees, extending both his Arms, and
aping with impatiency of Joy,——

ALCIRIS with a groan replies, "It
"cannot be—for Death will ſever us—
"I feel his cold hand freezes on my
"nerves; rapid Tides of ruin flood up-
"on my broken heart—and Fate ad-
"vances my inevitable doom."——
—JENNETTA left the room.—

——ELLEN

—ELLEN in lamentations loud affect
Love, but felt alone the fear, of losi
ſo much wealth with her ALCIRIS.

—" Whether my MARIANNE be po
" or rich, my love for her with my li
" blood lives—my love for her will o
" ly die with me—Oh! Father, in Co
" paſſion to my Woes, let me on M
" RIANNE but fix my dying Eyes, ſmil
" ſhall mock the frowns of fate; and t
" the Throne of Grace, from my exp
" ring breath I'll ſend to Heaven a pray
" for CONSOLATION, and the pardon o
" your God, to bleſs your lateſt hour."

CYMO

CYMON endured a ſtrange conflict in his Mind, touched at once with Love for his ALCIRIS, and the deſire of rich OLISSUS's gifts——his ſtubborn heart relented.——

The pious ANTHONIE aſſumes the ſolemn duty, and ſeeks the COTT OF EMMA, to eſcort the weeping MARIANNE.

SATURDAY.

Is full of the Cataſtrophe.

THE morning wakes the pious ANTHONIE—he walks to EMMA's COT, and calls the mourning MARIANNE abroad—with gentle converſe he at firſt inſinuates to her mind an apprehenſion of the ſickneſs of ALCIRIS, and with gradual cautions tells the import of his Viſit—ſhe heard his Tale with

with tears, and haſted to behold her well-loved Swain.

As they paſs on, thus ſhe entertain'd the Prieſt—"Here by this Elm I often "ſat, to taſte Tranquillity, and think "of that Peace which I enjoy'd, before "e'er Love had mov'd my youthful "heart, or wiſhes of ambitious tenden- "cy, to bleſs my Lover, ſtole upon my "Mind: poſſeſs'd of all neceſſity re- "quired, I knew CONTENT—but with "my wretchedneſs I will not wound "your Mind"—

—"this Elm reminds me of the Pain

" I ſuffer'd, thro' my Compaſſion for a
" little Wren—and little as the Object
" was, it caus'd me, with a thouſand
" tears, to think of my dear Mother; and
" to feel the ſuppoſition, that the Caſe
" might once be her's."—

—" Within a little Cell, a Wren had
" built her neſt; as every day I ſat with-
" in her Eye, ſhe grew familiar, as ſhe
" grew aſſured, I was no foe—for every
" day I ſcatter'd Crumbs to feed the lit-
" tle pair—with pleaſure I beheld their
" mutual Care and Aſſiduity, whilſt
" they conſtructed all their pretty neſt,
" and form'd the ſafe repoſitory of the
" Eggs with which ſhe teem'd—I often

" view'd

"view'd his tenderneſs and Love, how
"he would play gay anticks on the
"bough, and chirm his wild Notes, to
"divert his incubating Mate—how he
"would peck the inſect from the leaf,
"and with exulting Pinions bear the
"dainty to his Hen; o'er whoſe repaſt
"he ſat with flutt'ring feathers, as if he
"taſted tranſport in her Appetite in-
"dulged—this daily pleaſure I poſſeſs'd:
"but after all, as if the joys of human
"Minds were pre-ordain'd to be daſh'd
"out, by diſappointment's hand; as I
"was ſitting there, a ſullen Hawk with
"ſavage Eye decerned the Wren, and
"ſtooping, ſtruck him with his cruel

"Tallons—

" Tallons—the Hen perceiv'd the blo
" and ſcreaming, left her neſt—diſtra
" tion throb'd within her little brea
" her Eye-ball roll'd with frantic Wrat
" and diſappointed Love; and eve
" feather ruffled, ſtood upright, as' ſ
" beheld her dying Bird, and mourn
" her widow'd Lot."——

" Affecting was the Circumſtance."

——" It was diſtreſsful to me——
" wept and watch'd the Wren, and ſa
" her to her Neſt retire, diſconſolate a
" ſick with Woe—amidſt the miſery
" Widowhood, ſhe brooded o'er h
" young yet unbrought forth; and fu
" of hunger and deſpondency, ſhe f

" fulfil

fulfill'd the duties of her Nature, and hatch'd the little Creatures—tedious ſeem'd her duty; for, on her neſt, ſhe laid with hanging looks of wretched thought, and hopeleſs meditation—five little Wretches fill'd the tenement—Wretches I call them, for their misfortunes had exiſtence e'er they had birth—their Father was no more!—

—"Oh! MARIANNE, your tender Images at once delight and torture—(interrupts the Holy Man) the picture is ſo ſtriking, that my Mind tranſports its ſad Ideas to another Scene."——

——"A parent Wren, (ſays ſhe) can give but ſmall protection to his progeny—

" geny—but Wrens have their propor-
" tion to their Enemies; and Man can
" nothing boaſt ſuperior; for the wrath
" of Fortune, the enmity of an inve-
" terate World, will ever be ſuperior to
" the braveſt Father of the human race."

——" A melancholy truth."—

——" Five little Wretches fill'd the
" Neſt—the Mother, in her tenderneſs
" and Care, abſorb'd the Sorrows of her
" Widowhood, and taſted hopes for her
" ſmall progeny—I ſaw her paſſage to and
" fro in queſt of food—I heard their Call
" and her Reply, and ſaw her ſwift return
" when e'er their Voice expreſs'd Cala-
" mity——and when ſhe brought the
" die

"diet, o'er her brood with lapſing quiv-
"vering Wing ſhe hung, expreſſing the
"ſoft feelings of her Maternal Heart.—
——"The birds were almoſt fledg'd
"and fit for flight—the Mother's affi-
"dúity was ripe for a reward, and often
"had ſhe thought of leading forth her
"infant-train to Woods and Fountains,
"and the World of Liberty and Joy—
"when from yonder Village ſpoiling
"Boys, in cruel paſtime rang'd the fields,
"in queſt of hapleſs tenants of the
"Spray——they came—they ravaged all
"the labours of my Wren—deſpoil'd
"her Neſt, and took the young ones
"forth.—In human minds what early

" ſtrain of Cruelty appears!—Strang
" diſpoſition in the heart of Man! un
" cultivated and unpruned by Learning
" thou wouldſt give the human race t
" Foreſts and to Dens, as barbarous an
" ſavage as the Tyger."

——" But of the Mother Wren—
" with food encumbred, home ſhe cam
" exulting in the labours of her flight—
" ſhe found her Neſt deſpoil'd, and rui
" mark'd the havock made by ſacril
" gious hands, in the deſtruction of
" Widow's houſe—diſtracted ſhe ſunk
" down, and in the duſt expired."

The good Man gazed on MARIANNE
wit

with Eyes brim-full of tears—and MARIANNE look'd languiſhing and pale.—

——"Such is my Mother's fate, for "Cruelty hath laid her Iron graſp upon "my Life—I loved ALCIRIS with the "pureſt Paſſion, and Happineſs was in "our View—but CYMON, of unfeeling "Soul, of Nature like the Clod he tills, "he taſting only Avarice, will ſlay us "both."——

—"Not ſo fair MARIANNE, (replied "ANTONIE) for fortune dawns upon "thee, and OLISSUS once a Lover, "now thy friend, will give thee ſuch a "portion, as ſhall overſhadow OLD CY-

"MON's rankeſt boddings of Ambi
"tion."——

——"Happy the hour which gave O
"LISSUS to the World (ſhe cried)—bu
"what is wealth to me, if my ALCIRI
"dies—it is but duſt to ſprinkle on ou
"Tombs."—

The holy Man was ſmitten with he
Talk, for he was fearful of the young
man's fate—he dared not weep, leaſt his
affliction ſhould touch her troubled Spi-
rit with increaſe of Woe—he ſmother'd
in his breaſt the ſecret Sigh.——

They reach'd the the Houſe of CY-
MON.——

The

The pious ANTHONIE conducted the ſorrowing fair One to the ſick Man's bed—he bow'd—he dropt a Tear, and quitted the room——the Parents now with true compunction ſtung, beheld the danger of their Child, and were ſmitten with freezing Terror and inceſſant grief—Self-condemnation gall'd their aching hearts, and many a fruitleſs Prayer they breath'd to angry Stars, for pardon of their ſad Obduracy and ſinful Avarice—unable to ſuſtain the wretched ſcene, they both withdrew——JENNETTA only ſtaid—and that no Vow, no Voice, might from her wicked Ear eſcape, faſt at the ſick Man's back ſhe laid, to cut off all

the

the tenderneſs which true Love's delicacy, hates ſhould bear another's Eye.—

—Fair MARIANNE ſat on her Knees cloſe by the ſick Man's bed, and in her hands claſping his hand, ſhe pray'd—her Voice was heard by Cherubims; her virtuous Prayer was wafted up to Heaven, where Angels with a Tear repeated—SPARE HIM GOOD LORD!——

——With ghaſtly ſmiles the Youth's diffigured Countenance was ſet——the clotted blood hung in his hair—deep in their ſockets ſunk his languid Eyes—his lips were ſcorching hot—his noſtrils parch'd, and in a tumult beat the blood

on every Artery—the Image which ſhe oft had gazed on with delight, how wretchedly transform'd—her looks fix'd on his looks—with tears to tears—with ſighs to ſighs they mourn'd their Fate in Silence.—

JENNETTA like a Dæmon lurk'd behind, and felt no impulſe but invetteracy.—

ALCIRIS with a languid Voice breath'd out "MY MARIANNE:" and MARIANNE with her affliction choak'd, ſcarce utter'd to be heard, "Alas! my dear ALCIRIS," —dreadful Grief ſet all her Frame in torture—aching throbs affected her head

—her

—her heart was ſick—her limbs were ſhook in burning Ague.——"Indulge "us, dear JENNETTA, (ſays ALCIRIS,) "and give us but a Moment to our- "ſelves."——

——JENNETTA was not moved—

——"Oh! MARIANNE, breaths out "the Swain, oft interrupted by his "Sighs, thy faithful Youth hath fal- "len amongſt Murderers——inhuman "Wretches, who rejoice in ſlaying every "Comfort, which the heart can taſte "on Earth—Aſſaſſins of the Soul—Pa- "rents and Siſter murdering a Son, a "Brother——putting his Soul upon the "rack,

"rack, and wrenching out of Joint his
"Spirits ſenſibility.—

—"Alas! ALCIRIS, replies the Maid,
"think not that the World permits ex-
"iſtence to ſuch Wickedneſs.— I bring
"thee Comfort—all the bar to our fe-
"licity is taken from us — to ſatiate thy
"Father's wiſhes, I come enrich'd—to
"thee I come endow'd with Virtue and
"the trueſt Love."—

—"It is too late, cries he—the Act
"is perpetrated——my Death's wound
"has its ſeat within my heart; and Me-
"dicine and Hope are Vanities—I love
"thee, MARIANNE; and if an Angel did
"not tell me falſe, we ſoon ſhall have

" our Nuptials in the Tomb—our
" Souls they cannot ſever—After Death
" their Tyranny cannot prevail againſt
" us.——

—" I love ALCIRIS, ſays MARIANNE
" with an equal fervor, I die with thee—
" I court the nuptial funeral—the joy of
" ſpirits is infinite—in heaven alone is
" Juſtice—is Mercy—is feſtivity without
" alloy.——

On the hand of MARIANNE he preſs'd
his burning lips—the flutter'd ſpirits
overcame her ſtrength—ſhe fainted.—

——JENNETTA's ſcreams alarmed them
all without——they bore the breathleſs
Maiden

Maiden forth—the freſh air in a little time reſtored her ſtrength—but, apprehenſive that ſuch Agitation would increaſe ALCIRIS's Malady; they denied her re-admittance to the room.

Onward in the way, CYMON attends the mourning MARIANNE on her return —with ſilent ſteps ſhe quits the Vale of Sorrow.——

——When left alone the wretched Maiden ſtray'd, in unknown paths, and wander'd in the Woods 'till Night drew on—the pale Moon from the broken Clouds, by intermiſſions gleam'd; and glancing through the trees, with many a

ſhadow trim'd the ſolemn Grove, and many a pale ſhine caſt; that to the frighted Eye, of fanciful dejection, often ſtood the ſemblance of ſad Spectres, and the Ghoſt of her ALCIRIS, haunted every Glade—whilſt boding birds ſhriek'd from the ivy'd Shade, and hooted out misfortunes dire preſage.——

During this abſence of the Maid, OLISSUS to poor EMMA's COTTAGE haſten'd, impatient to relate his knowledge of her Family.——

Dejected, EMMA ſat, and muſed upon the melancholy Scene, of which her MARIANNE was then a Viſitor.——

—"Let

—"Let me ſalute my Siſter, and my "Friend," Olissus cries—and fell upon the aſtoniſh'd Emma's neck!——

—"What means my Lord," the Widow enclaſp'd in his Arms, ſcarce utter'd from the ſtrange profuſion of his kiſſes —ſhe trembled as he held her to his boſom.—

—"Thy ſurprize, dear Matron, is "not yet arrived to its pitch (cries he) "—Good Emma, look upon me—in "Olissus you behold, the brother of "Amintor."——

—Tears dim'd the Matron's Eyes; Aſtoniſhment was big within her heart.—

—"I was more fortunate than thy "beloved

" beloved Husband.—I was bred a Mer-
" chant—to foreign Climes in early youth
" transported, I remained a Stranger to
" my father's house for forty years—
" when I returned, alas! my Father was
" no more!—his mansion and his lands
" were possess'd by others—your AMIN-
" TOR was dead——and I (presumed the
" last remains of all my Family), Here
" fix'd my residence, in rural Ease, to
" take Enjoyment of the Wealth my in-
" dustry acquired——the hand of Provi-
" dence pointed out dear MARIANNE—
" her Innocence and beauty taught me
" Love—her History reveal'd, despoil'd

my "

"my Marriage-bed, but gave to me a
"Neice whom I rejoice to honour."

——The happy Event overcame the Strength of EMMA, ſhe was ready to expire with Joy.——

——OLISSUS ſaw the ſtrong emotions of her Soul, in her fainting looks, and led her to the Air.—

——"There is a rumour that your "MARIANNE's enamour'd of a meritorious Youth, whoſe avaritious Father "interferes, and ſtays their Happineſs—"I'll ſend to CYMON and promote the "Match, and with her give a dowry e-"qual to his Wiſhes."—

—"Alas! my Lord, (replies EMMA) "that

"that Youth from disappointed Love "lies sick; and now is visited by MA-"RIANNE."——

——"We'll send him comfort instant-"ly (says he)——for time in Love for-"lorn, amidst the languishing of hope-"lessness, is often precious beyond Esti-"mation——we'll hasten MARIANNE's "return, nor longer let her ling'ring "fears prevail, but cheer her Soul with "Consolation, and the knowledge of her "Fortune."——

OLISSUS scarce had utter'd these last words, when breathless, and in haste, the fair One enter'd.——

DISTRACTION

DISTRACTION ſtood upon her wand'r-
ng looks, and ſported with her ſmiles---
little Butterfly ſat on her hand, to
hich ſhe held diſcourſe, in frantick
hraze regardleſs of OLISSUS, and the
hrieks of her affrighted Mother——her
Cloaths were all diſorder'd, and in her hair
ere plaited roſes mix'd with Ivy leaves.—
——Struck with the ſad diſaſtrous
Spectacle, diſtreſs'd with diſappointed
Views of his benevolence, OLISSUS ſunk
his face towards the Earth, and o'er his
manly Countenance the bigh tear tum-
bled.—

—EMMA fell upon her Couch and hid
her face.——

——" See here, cries MARIANNE—
" this little flutt'ring Inſect here——it is
" a Butterfly you ſay—you ſee not what
" it is—for outward forms deceive us—
" Providence hath caſt deception on the
" face of every thing——I thought O-
" LISSUS was a lover once, but he's un-
" maſked, and ſtands bereft of his diſ-
" guiſe, a very Man.——
——" Pretty little painted thing——I
" know full well of what thou cameſt,
" and what thou art——I ſaw thee in thy
" mortal State, a Caterpillar, breathing
" breath of animal Exiſtence; and ſuſ-
" taining life with herbs and flowers.—
" Mankind, like thee, in this terreſtrial

" State,

"State, ſuperior Animals, ſubſiſting on
"the vegitation of the Earth, crawl out
"a life of larger Caterpillars, Reptiles
"more noxious.—And when old Age
"and full accompliſh'd time had brought
"thee to the ſolemn Period which clo-
"ſes every breathing Being, I beheld thee
"laid enſhrowded in thy Chriſalis, and
"given to the Tomb—then in an other
"Seaſon from the realms of Death thou
"'roſe, dreſs'd in theſe beauteous plumes,
"array'd in duſt of Gold, and winged
"as the Cherubs with celeſtial Beauty;
"Æther thy Element, thou wing'd thy
"way, above the drowſy haunts of thy
"primeval State—ſuch, ſuch is Man—

" true Emblem of Humanity——trus
" Emblem of the three Eſtates of hu-
" man Race——fair Monitor for MARI-
" ANNE—Preceptor, teaching conſidence,
" of Reſurrection—pointing her to Joys,
" of whoſe Attainment ſhe already ſtands
" upon the brink."——

She ceas'd——OLISSUS with endearing phraze, attempted to calm her wand'r-ing Senſes—but in vain——for all was diſconcerted—all was wild and wretch-ed.——

——EMMA could not bear to look up-on her miſerable Daughter——OLISSUS burſt into a flood of Tears.——

——Whilſt

——Whilſt witneſſing her frantick fancies, EMMA with OLISSUS ſorrowing ſat ——the Solemn Sound of Death-bell, down the Vale, repeatedly knell'd—— the breezes on their ſighing Boſoms bore the fatal Tale——they touch'd the ſtartled Ear of MARIANNE——forth from the COT ſhe ran, to liſten to the Voice which told the Mortal Tale——ſix'd as the Marble which adorns the Monument, with the pale Effigy of weeping VIRTUE, ſtood the Maid attentive, motionleſs, and ſad.—

——At length ſhe ſtarted—exclaim'd. "He's gone! he's gone! ALCIRIS is no "more!"—

—Then

——Then down ſhe ſunk, upon the dewey Flowers, and yielded up her Soul to Heaven.——

ONE TOMB receiv'd the faithful PAIR, and tells to after times, THEY DIED FOR LOVE!.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 1. line 5. for *Plaud* read *Plan'd.*
—— 8. laſt line for *Meditation* read *Wiſdom*
—— 67. line 11. for *interrepts* read *interrupts*
—— 99. line 8. for *bord* read *board*
—— 133. line 1. for *ſo,* read *for*
—— 145. line 6. for *elapting* read *elapſing*
—— 152. line 15. for *her* read *the*
—— 190. line 13. for *inceſt* read *niceſt.*